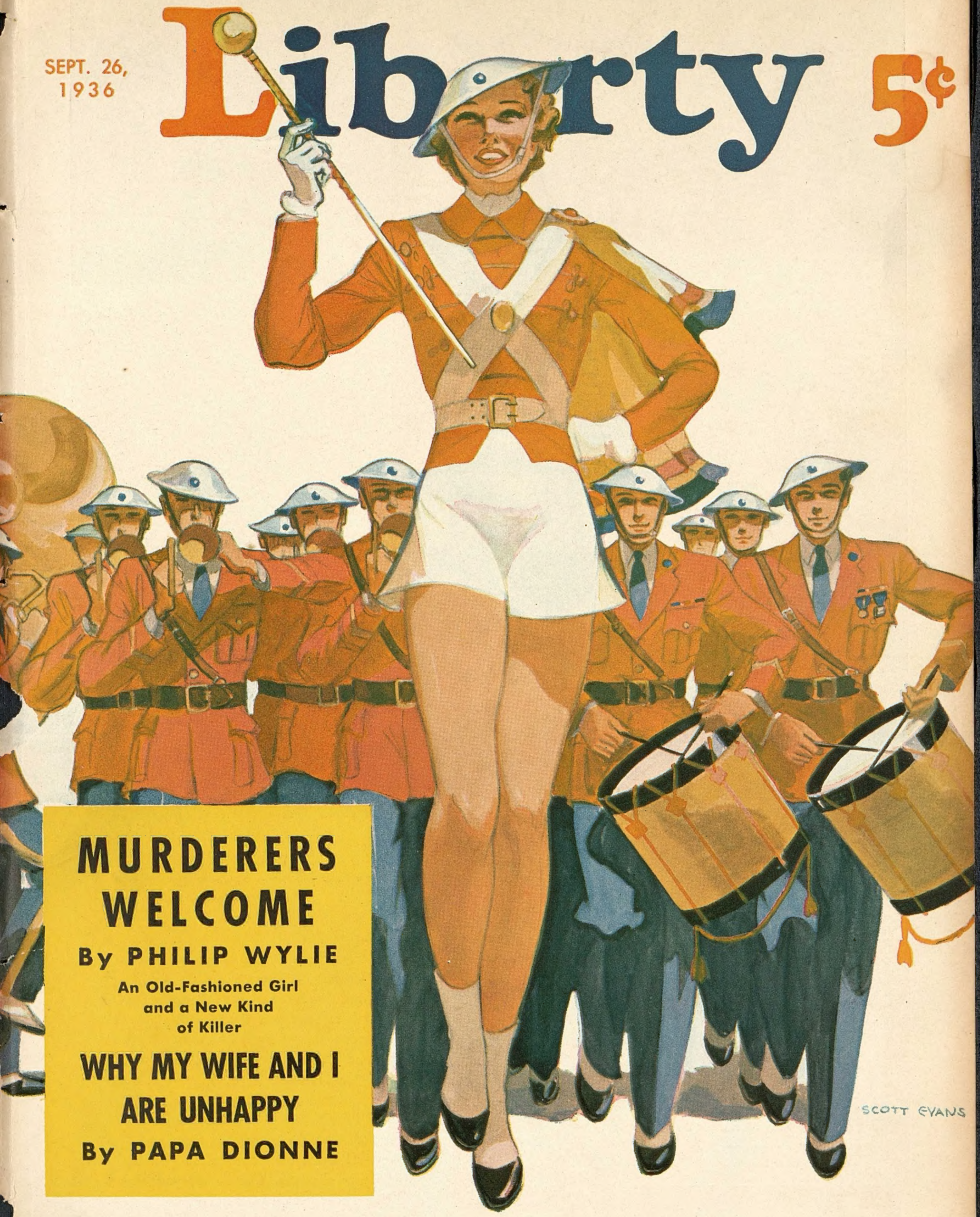
BALTIMORE GIRL WHO WON FRIENDSHIP OF KING EDWARD VIII

SEPT. 26, 1936

Liberty

5¢



SCOTT EVANS

MURDERERS WELCOME

By PHILIP WYLIE

An Old-Fashioned Girl and a New Kind of Killer

WHY MY WIFE AND I ARE UNHAPPY

By PAPA DIONNE

STARTLING FOOTBALL TO COME—FOUR GREAT COACHES PROPHESY

"NEWS COMES FIRST," says Miss Helen Nolan, reporter, "eating, second. So I turn to Camels. Food tastes better and digests easier."

HUMAN COMETS. Hugo and Mario Zacchini disappear into a monster cannon. *A flash!—a crash!*—and they hurtle into distant nets. "Mario and I both smoke Camels," says Hugo. "Camels keep digestion working smoothly."

FIRST in the gruelling Albany-New York Outboard Marathon! Clayton Bishop says: "Camels are a swell aid to digestion."

PEOPLE CAN MEET TERRIFIC STRAIN—YET ENJOY GOOD DIGESTION.
SMOKERS SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE WHEN THEY SAY—

"For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels!"

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

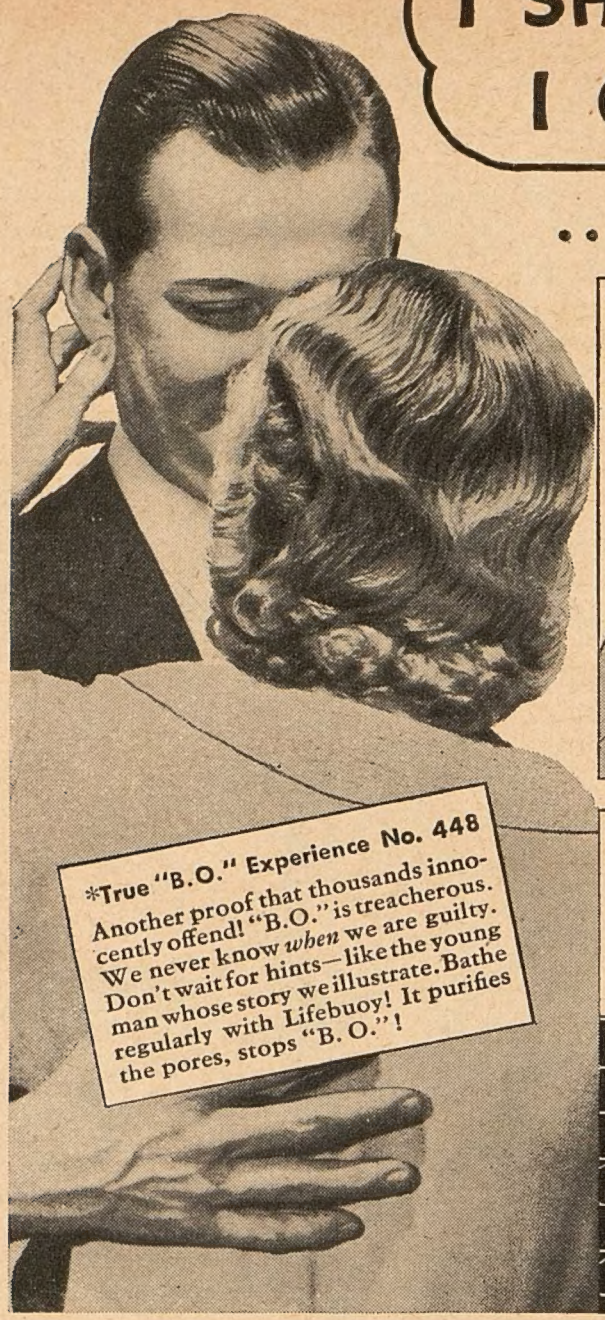
MODERN life bombards us all with a thousand and one little jars, shocks, and nervous irritations. The strain tells on digestion...slows down the flow of digestive fluids.

And it is to Camels that one naturally turns to put more enjoyment into eating. As you enjoy your Camels at mealtime, the flow of digestive fluids speeds up...alkalinity is increased. You feel at rights with the world!

Camel's invigorating "lift"...Camel's aid to digestion...Camel's matchless taste and fragrance—all these are yours when you make Camels *your* cigarette. Camels set you right! And they never get on your nerves.

I SHUDDER TO THINK HOW NEAR I CAME TO LOSING HER! *

. . . but she was smart enough to save our romance!



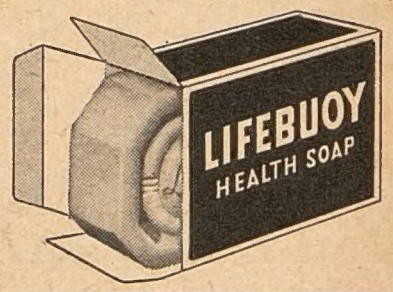
*True "B.O." Experience No. 448

Another proof that thousands innocently offend! "B.O." is treacherous. We never know *when* we are guilty. Don't wait for hints—like the young man whose story we illustrate. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! It purifies the pores, stops "B. O."!

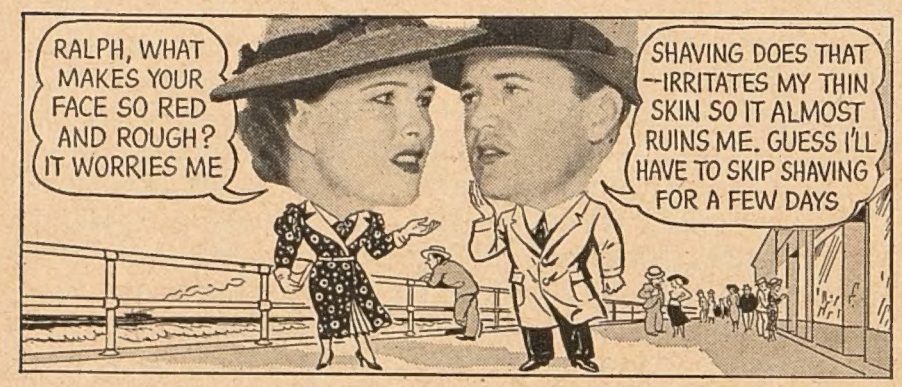
SHE WAS QUIET MOST OF THE WAY. THEN SHE SAID "I SAT NEXT TO A MAN IN THE CAR THIS MORNING WHO HAD 'B.O.'! SOMEONE SHOULD TELL HIM ABOUT LIFEBUOY!"

TREAT your complexion to the inexpensive luxury of Lifebuoy care! You'll thrill at the glowingly lovely results! For Lifebuoy cleanses thoroughly, yet *gently*. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



TRY THIS "MOISTER" SHAVING LATHER...STAYS WET LONGER


RALPH, WHAT MAKES YOUR FACE SO RED AND ROUGH? IT WORRIES ME
SHAVING DOES THAT —IRRITATES MY THIN SKIN SO IT ALMOST RUINS ME. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SKIP SHAVING FOR A FEW DAYS

LOOK AT THE AD IN THIS WINDOW! SAYS LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM IS SO MUCH MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS—SOOTHES TENDER SKIN
SURE ENOUGH! I'LL GET A TUBE RIGHT NOW!

MARGE, THANKS TO YOUR FIND, I'M GETTING THE SLICKEST SHAVE I EVER HAD. LIFEBUOY SURE IS SOOTHING! AND IT STAYS WET— SOAKS MY BEARD SOFT

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. See how much it offers in real everyday shaving comfort. Get it at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-129, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. (*This offer good in U. S. only.*)

SEPTEMBER 26, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 39

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

The UNITED STATES... *A Sleek,*

THE cartoon on this page very clearly indicates the present status of the United States. We are living in a world of nations armed to the teeth. They watch one another as a cat watches a mouse. Every nation has its spies in every other country. The War Office of every country has a department in which warlike activities throughout the world are carefully recorded.

With every other nation armed to the teeth, here we are, little more than a sleek, fat lamb, harmless, unarmed, going our way nonchalantly, apparently entirely oblivious to the dangers we are facing.

The average citizen, even though he knows the menace that is facing us, realizes he is helpless in this situation. He may wonder why the officials of our country fail to do something to build up the armaments necessary to protect our people. But he is helpless to do anything beyond voicing his personal criticism.

The so-called "peace-at-any-price" advocates that have infested our Congress for years, citizens who have an idea that the way to stop war is to disarm absolutely—they are the real cause of our unpreparedness. But you may rest assured that if this attitude alone were the only evil that we had to combat, we would not be in our present position. There are alien forces in this country and outside of this country that are willing to spend millions, and undoubtedly have spent millions, to encourage the peace advocates in their policy of national helplessness as far as our ability to defend ourselves is concerned.

I was severely criticized for the recent editorial warning this country against the warlike activities of Japan. But apparently this editorial served a good purpose, for a short time thereafter a spy was convicted of giving secret information to Japan's War Office.

And I have not seen the statement denied that there were 200,000 Japanese soldiers in Mexico, that there were 50,000 in Peru, and that the Panama Canal could be closed at any time by a bomb prop-

CARTOON BY ROBERT CAMERON

Fat Lamb

erly placed in one of the locks of this waterway.

We are just a sleek, fat, innocent lamb, and almost any one of the lions in the forest of nations could grab us and figuratively choke us to death.

The isolation chatter that has been used so frequently is just a lot of schoolboy twaddle. Airplanes could land in New York from almost any country in Europe. Just think for a minute what would happen to any of our great cities if its water supply were cut off with a well placed bomb, or if the gas and electric power were snuffed out—not to mention the stopping of the food supply.

In a city like New York, for instance, surrounded by salt water, we would have just a lot of crazy savages mad with thirst and hunger—provided they were not entirely eliminated by poison gas.

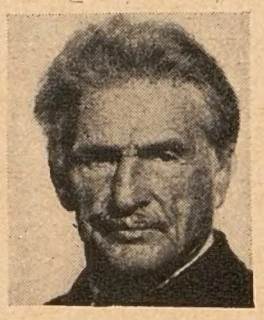
And to think that here we are with billions of dollars, trying to find some way of spending it to give work to the unemployed, when it could be used profitably for building airplanes which would protect us from attack from any source!

You might think that we were governed by a lot of dumb brutes or nitwits—that they are just plain fools, or cowards, or both.

We have been so busy making money, we have been so blinded by our extraordinary progress, we are so impressed with our bigness, that we have acquired the impression that no country would dare to attack us.

But you can rest assured that our weaknesses are known, and the vital spot for attack has undoubtedly been recorded in the War Offices of our possible enemies. And do not fail to note that we are the only country that makes no effort to protect ourselves by maintaining an espionage system in the political and military affairs of the world.

And as we gambol along, sleek, fat, a tempting morsel, at any time we may furnish a figurative meal for one or more of the lions that represent the world's warlike nations.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Bernarr Macfadden

Hear Bernarr Macfadden's radio discussion of national questions every Tuesday evening at 10 P. M., E. D. T., on Stations WOR, Newark; WLW, Cincinnati; CKLW, Detroit; WGN, Chicago; WMCA, New York.

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $3.00 a year. In all other countries, $4.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

BEGINNING

MURDERERS WELCOME

by

PHILIP WYLIE

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

PART ONE—A GHOST GOES TO BREAKFAST

BAILEY expected that at any moment the man in the bow of the canoe would turn around and calmly shoot at him.

That was why, on the previous night, he had burglarized Mitchell's gear, carefully placing six blanks in the magazine of his rifle.

Bailey—Captain Robert O. Bailey, millionaire at the age of forty-two, handsome, eligible—tingled with a sense of impending excitement.

The man who made the canoe bow-heavy was the captain's guest. K. Y. Mitchell—as reckless as Bailey, richer and more powerful, older, whale-necked, bald-headed, trumpet-voiced. A piratical figure in the business world.

Bailey dug his paddle quietly. The river was narrow—a crystal liaison between two lakes lost in the Canadian wilderness. Sunlight poured horizontally over the spruce-tops. The air was clear and still.

He began to wonder if Mitchell would shoot, after all. Somebody had been trying to kill him—and the financier's reasons were sufficient. Bailey had caught Mitchell twice in stock pools—when the big man had been trying to perform an opposite feat. His recent decision to turn over the bulk of his businesses to his employees would cost Mitchell a great deal in depreciated stock—more in troubles that would follow in his own similar enterprises. Besides, Mitchell had always openly disliked him—regarded him as an upstart. And recently the captain had spanked Mitchell's daughter in a night club—spanked her hard, for being drunk and out of order. The newspapers had carried the story on their front pages. And Mitchell had never said a word about it.

Bailey batted a mosquito from his face and grinned. It was probably his companion who had made those two attempts on his life.

Mitchell turned toward him, his ponderous face amused. "No chance of a moose in this creek?"

"Always a chance."

Mitchell picked up his rifle. "What do you want to bet I don't miss my first shot?"

Captain Bailey thought of the blanks. "A dollar."

"A dollar! The hell you say! Make it a thousand!"

"All right." The captain's black eyes were sardonic.

"A thousand." Mitchell had said his "first shot." That didn't mean at a moose—necessarily.

The man in the bow levered a shell into the breech. "Funny thing," he said placidly. "Got up at dawn this morning. Took a little walk. Started looking over my stuff." He smiled. "Somebody tried to play a joke on me. Loaded my gun with blanks."

Bailey's face did not change. "We have plenty of practical jokers at the lodge," he said.

Mitchell shrugged. He wasn't looking for moose any longer. He threw one leg over a thwart. He cocked his gun; he inhaled. "Wonderful morning, Bailey. You know, today I almost like you. And I've spent so much time hating your guts. You're a fool, and a dangerous one." Bailey glanced down at his own rifle. Never do to jump for it. "What I ought to do," the big man continued, "is to knock you off—here and now—and say it was an accident. A whole lot of people would be grateful."

Bailey's voice was gentle: "You'd probably get away with it. I'm ready to bet that thousand back that—"

He tipped over the canoe.

He hit the water moving toward Mitchell. He saw him come down and lose his gun. When he regained the surface, he grabbed a gunwale. Then, and only then, he let go of his own gun. Mitchell coughed, spit, and choked. "You clumsy louse! I believe you were afraid I'd win that bet! I believe *you* were the guy who spiked my gun!"

"I thought I saw a beaver," Bailey answered. "Leaned out too far."

Close! he thought.

But it was Mitchell, all right.

The other guests were having breakfast on the porch when they came up—soggy, dripping, with squashing shoes. Handsome brunette Mary Brookhart. Redheaded Bernetta Smith. Jolly Mrs. Walters and her gaunt husband. Carey MacGreggor, the captain's quiet, perpetual side-kick and partner. His cousin Ralph, kept from being a drugstore cowboy only by his indulgence—a family feeling for which Bailey could not forgive himself. They all thought that the debacle of the morning's hunt was very funny.

Bailey went to his own quarters upstairs. He rang, and his butler-valet came in.

"Rodgers, I think you can narrow down your observations to Mr. Mitchell," Bailey said.

Two Women and Four Men and the Unseen Presence of Death Ready to Strike—Here in a Romantic Setting is an Old-Fashioned Girl and a New Kind of Killer in This Nerve-Tingling Surprise Story

The butler-valet nodded. "I assumed as much—when I saw you both come in—wet."

"I think—he was going to shoot me. He had discovered the blanks—replaced them."

Rodgers was a damn good butler-valet—for a detective.

Before Bailey had finished dressing he heard the motors of an airplane. He heard them first. Rodgers, in the kitchen, heard them next. Then the two guides, in the servants' dining room—they were also detectives. The upstairs maid and the lady's maid—also trained to watch and listen—next caught the remote purring. By the time that the guests realized that some one was flying toward Lonely Lodge, Bailey was already halfway to the dock.

A big silver amphibian came in without circling.

Nelson Dudley thrust his curly head and wide shoulders through the door. "Hello, Rob, my lad!"

"Hello, Nellie!"

The captain had not expected this arrival by air of his lawyer, an old friend—a friend of many vicissitudes.

Dudley hopped ashore and helped out a young woman. Evelyn Case, Bailey's fiancée, the last person in the world he would have wanted on this particular house party. A gray-eyed girl, Park Avenue bred. She held up her mouth and returned his kiss with somewhat artificial enthusiasm.

"Darling! What on *earth* ever made you think you could throw a party without me? I'm practically wild! I *love* the north woods—and you know it! I persuaded father to persuade Nellie to take us both along. If this is some sort of bachelor fiesta—the last roundup before we do Lohengrin together—then I'm glad I'm here to spoil it!"

Bailey was inept at artifice against feminine antagonists. He shook hands with Evelyn's father and said uncomfortably, "Mostly business. No last roundup. You ought to know me better. Thought you'd be bored—"

She took his arm. They went through the trees and the sunlight toward the porch. The plane was being anchored beside the one which had brought the other guests the day before. Bailey introduced Evelyn and her father.

Mary Brookhart nodded rudely. Bernetta Smith smiled and left the table.

Evelyn whispered, "I knew it! Weren't you practically engaged to Miss Smith once? And Mary Brookhart?"

"Sh-h-h-h-h—" he said.

Later Nelson Dudley found him at the dock giving orders about the planes. Together they walked away toward some trees.

"You didn't seem to be particularly pleased that I brought Evelyn," Dudley said. "I can understand that—seeing who is here. What the deuce is the idea?"

Bailey stalked over the pine needles. "Nellie, make me out a will, hunh?"

"What in hell is the matter with you?"

"I'll tell you. Did you notice my servants?"

"Sure—I noticed the whole place. Sheer luxury! How do you get oil for your power plant?"

"Fly it in. . . . All my servants are detectives."

The lawyer stared. "Why?"

"It's a long sad story. I tried to see you before I started out on this party—but you'd run up to Albany.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN CONTENT

"What I ought to do," Mitchell continued, "is to knock you off—here and now—and say it was an accident."

A month ago I left the entrance of my office building, and a dame in a car tried to hit me as I crossed the street. Didn't recognize her—and the license was muddy. A week later I got my lunch sent up to my office, and before it arrived I went into a board meeting. We had a row—over my turning my business over to my employees—and sent out for sandwiches, and I forgot the meat and potatoes cooling out in the front office. It sat, unguarded, for more than an hour. Miss Deane, my secretary, brought it in after the meeting. I refused it—so she nibbled on my pie. A few minutes later she started to sweat and jerk. Went out like a light. I ran her over to a hospital and they pulled her through. Strychnine. That pie was loaded with it."

"Oh-oh!"

"To say the least! So I decided to find out who was monkeying around, and monkey back. I couldn't call the cops—my suspects were too important and my case too delicate. I did try an agency, but when I asked them to put a man on K. Y. Mitchell, they said you couldn't shadow the President of the United States, or the Secretary of State, or Henry Ford, or Andy Mellon, or, by the same token, K. Y. Mitchell."

"So you asked him up here! Damn it, Rob, some day you're going to get in trouble."

Bailey made a wry face. "Maybe. Some day. Nellie—who would want to murder me?"

The lawyer shrugged and pondered. "Well—Mitchell—though he'd use agents—"

"Sure. He wouldn't dress up as a woman and try to run me down. He's no pie poisoner. Anybody else?"

Nelson Dudley's face was blank; and then—slowly—it became incredulous. "Good God, man—you don't mean to say that all these people here—"

The captain sat down and gestured. "Nice mossy stone." Then he spoke rapidly: "Mitchell could not want to kill me—badly. And Ralph could; that damn cousin of mine is N. G. And he knows he has a big claim on my dough. He knows there'll be a lot less if I hand the Bailey corporations back to the men who built them up. Ralph detests me. I make him work. You know Logan Walters? My general manager? Smart. Three years ago he embezzled a hundred and fifty grand. I think his wife is aces, and more for her than him I saw him through. If I step out as I plan to, he may lose his job. Then Carey. He's like a brother—or was. But when we started piling up dough together—moved into the city—he got money-crazy. I've sort of carried him ever since he was a kid. Often I've thought he envied me. And since my decision to haul out of business he's been openly frantic. He makes four. But it was a woman driving that car. Well, there have been plenty of angry ladies in my past. Regrettable but true. Remember, I nearly married Bernetta Smith?"

"Vividly. You had to go to Africa to duck the fireworks."

"SHE'S here because she's kept on writing me mash notes. And she hasn't been getting all the work she could use—lately. She was in my office, trying to see me, the morning that person or persons unknown doused the piece of pie with strychnine."

Dudley nodded.

"Last—and by no means least—handsome Mary Brookhart. Nellie, my boy, she has had two husbands. Both of them died in accidents at which our Mary alone was present. One of them was a diplomat. In Bolivia. I was there too. I beat Mary and a tough bird named Shail to my tin mines down there, and I gave her the go-by at a party in the mountains a few weeks later, and the dear gal tried to separate my head from my shoulders with a machete shortly afterward."

"Why didn't you have her locked up?"

Bailey spread out his hands. "It was just temper. However, she settled down in New York this fall and began to telephone. Another thing—she stuck a lot of what she has in my companies. Now that I'm easing out, and the prices of my stocks are falling, Mary stands to lose. Well, by hook or crook, I persuaded them all to come up here. I filled the place with dicks. I figured I'd give each and every one a chance to do me in—under circumstances that would make it easy to go through an inquest afterward. Only—I'd be ready, and I'm known to be hard to kill."

Dudley grinned. "Why didn't you invite me, you suspicious rat? You know I'll get a nice slice out of disposing of your estate. And you know that my affairs aren't so hot. I could use the cash. Or did you figure I'd ask to come up when I heard about it?"

Bailey laughed. "Anyhow, I'm sure glad you're here."

"When women in cars started chasing you around elevated pillars, and poisoning your food, you should have phoned me right away. Rob, you jackass! If you think you'll get to first base this way—"

The captain interrupted: "It wasn't so cockeyed. Mitchell tried to shoot me this morning."

"Mitchell!"

"Well—practically. I didn't let him get too far. You see—the gun was loaded."

Dudley stared at his friend. "Good Lord!"

"I THINK he knows I know. I think he'll try again. But I want you to make me out a will—something that'll stir up action. We'll talk about it—and say it's going to be in force as soon as I get back. Fix me a will that'll mean my business is going to be transferred—even if I'm dead—as soon as you get back to the city. In the meantime, we'll keep Mitchell. You see"—he looked at his watch—"in a few minutes those planes are going to head south—to the surprise of one and all. And they won't be back for two weeks. Just—a lack of consideration on my part. Shortsightedness. See?"

"Sure. Some one's coming!"

Bailey squinted through the trees. He looked hard. "Nobody I know. Must be Mrs. Walters's personal maid. I didn't see them arrive. Pretty girl, isn't she?"

The lawyer followed the captain's eyes. "Pretty!"

The girl walked toward them across the pine needles. Both men watched her. To Dudley she was a pretty maid—an extra pretty one. A girl in a gray silk dress that had white cuffs and collar. A brunette—neither too large nor too small. But to Captain Bailey she was something more—and a consciousness of it invaded his preoccupation with his own murder, erased momentarily even the proper concept of his respectable engagement to Evelyn Case. An unidentified sense made him feel that she was singularly moving, exciting, mysterious; that he had known about her, that she needed help. So, when she came near, he looked into her eyes, his gaze unimpertinently friendly and strongly personal.

"It's a nice day." The provocative tone of Dudley's voice angered Bailey.

"Yes," the girl said. She was looking, still, at Bailey. "Very nice. I hope I haven't disturbed you?"

"On the contrary," the lawyer answered. "Welcome addition. Very welcome. Just seeing you around will make Lonely Lodge a shade less solitary."

She said, "Thank you," so flatly that the lawyer was abashed.

The captain felt unwonted anger. "Come on back to the house, Nellie," he said.

"I will not," the lawyer replied, smiling. "I'm for walking with—by the way?"

"Beth. But I'm not walking any farther, thanks."

"Come on! We have work to do." The captain's voice was a quiet imperative.

Dudley nodded toward the girl

(Continued on page ten)

SECOND CALL TO CELEBRATE WITH

Van Camp's

Come along with the millions of women who are celebrating this "once-in-a-lifetime" event—Van Camp's 75th Anniversary

Diamond Jubilee Sales

The news is spreading like wildfire—Van Camp's Diamond Jubilee Sales are in full swing again! So go on a shopping spree and stock up with Van Camp's today.

Celebrate by treating your family to that old, old favorite—Van Camp's Pork and Beans, prepared with tomato sauce. When you hear them shout, "Oh boy! Van Camp's" you'll know why this first and most famous brand of pork and beans has been the favorite of American housewives for 75 years.

Remember, this is just one of Van Camp's many appetizing table treats. Try Van Camp's soups, spaghetti, tomato juice, tomato cocktail, vegetables, catsup, and chili sauce. These are only a few of the delicious Van Camp products which your grocer is featuring. Put plenty of these extra-good foods on your pantry shelf.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

The signal to go on a buying spree!
Van Camp's
BUY DIAMOND JUBILEE NOW
SALE
Van Camp's - A NAME IN WHICH AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES HAVE HAD CONFIDENCE FOR 75 YEARS

IN YOUR GROCER'S WINDOW

•

Van Camp's everyday prices are lower than most nationally known canned foods.

Van Camp's

A NAME IN WHICH AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES HAVE HAD CONFIDENCE FOR 75 YEARS

A Few of the Economical Van Camp Table Treats

(Continued from page eight) and joined Bailey. "What's the idea?" he asked with pique.

"I'm irritable," the captain answered. "Who wouldn't be—in my shoes?"

They walked toward the house. As they went, the planes roared into the air. They found the guests on the shore, staring blankly into the sky.

Mitchell bawled, "When do they return, Bailey?"

The captain yelled back, "In two weeks."

"*Two weeks!* Don't you realize that it's impossible for me to be cut off for two weeks? Anything could happen in town!" The banker was purple.

The captain had reached his guests. He smiled. "I'm sorry, Mitchell! Didn't think. I'm so used to being in the bush, I guess. Well, there's no way to get the ships back—and it would take more than two weeks to paddle and portage out—"

Mary Brookhart said, "Anyhow, pals, it'll give us fourteen days to talk Rob out of doing something that'll cost us all a lot of money." She looked maliciously at Bailey. "We've been discussing you. You know what we think? We think that you deliberately brought up here the people who are going to suffer most from your destruction of your business—just so you could see how they would take it."

The captain stared from face to face. "You know—I hadn't thought of that. I'd merely thought that you were all my closest friends." He glanced at Dudley, and continued almost pompously:

"I'm giving back a few corporations to the men who made them. I've sat on the desert with those men—fought everything from horse thieves to rattlesnakes with them. I'm not like you, Mitch. I didn't make mine on a counting board. I made it digging the pipe lines and hauling in the generators. I have plenty. Now—they're going to get theirs. When the men take over, Carey and Walters can still be bosses—if they're any good. If not, they don't deserve it."

Evelyn said, "Let's play bridge! You just leave him to me! *I'll* persuade him."

The captain ignored her. "You can afford a dinging, Mitch." He looked facetiously at Mary Brookhart. "You've always had too much, my dear. Modest circumstances ought to improve your disposition."

"I suppose I have no rights?" Ralph spoke bitterly.

"None!"

"Come on to the house!" Evelyn made her voice inviting. But her eyes, on the captain, were furious. "We've got fourteen days to play bridge in."

"Fourteen days," Bernetta Smith said sharply—and so they all could hear—"in which you're going to have to defend your engagement ring against the field!"

The group hastily broke up. Nelson Dudley whispered to Bailey, "Nice little gang you have here!"

AFTER lunch, Evelyn asked Bailey to take her out on the lake. When they were out of earshot, she said:

"I want to know why you asked Bernetta Smith and Mary Brookhart up here."

He affected helplessness. "It wasn't a stag party."

"Is it because they were here that you didn't invite me?"

"Darling—think a minute. Would I ask both of them if that were true? Don't be jealous—it makes a person stupid. I wanted the men for business reasons. I asked Bernetta and Mary because they're good company—ordinarily. Right now they seem to be having moods."

"What is this about retiring from business?"

"Just that! We'll have plenty of money."

"But I wanted you to go on and on, growing bigger and bigger—till you were more important even than Mr. Mitchell—"

"Do you want me to be like Mitch?"

"That's silly! Don't hedge!"

"But I don't want to go 'on and on.' I want to marry you and buy a yacht and start for nowhere—"

"That's all right for a honeymoon. But how about afterward?"

He flicked water from his paddle on to some lily pads. "Ever hear of children? You know. Little kids? Boys and girls? You take 'em to circuses and teach them to ride ponies. They have dirty faces—"

"Don't be sickening!"

He looked at her with directness. "See here, Evelyn. I've said I love you. I've asked you to marry me. What love is—I don't know. I only know that it's rare, and easily damaged. What I'm telling you is what I mean. I realize that there's a hell of a lot of icing on you that has to be scraped off to show the real girl. I think there's one underneath. It's my plan to scrape it off. I might as well begin now. I asked the people who are now here—except you and your father—for reasons that seem sufficient to me. You'll have to accept those reasons—without knowing them—simply because I say so."

"Very well—if you want to play tough army sergeant, go ahead."

REMOVING the "icing" from Evelyn Case wouldn't be a cinch.

After a long silence, she spoke coldly: "If you didn't have so much money you would be a thoroughly despicable person." The expression on his face made her add, "I don't mean that the way you think! I just mean there's a lot of plain rowdy in you. What you need is a little of what you scornfully call icing."

"How would you like to swim back to the dock?"

"Let's not quarrel!"

"Were we on the point of it?" He swung the canoe around and paddled the girl ashore without saying anything further.

Not long after dinner he excused himself. He left his uncomfortable and disgruntled guests at bridge in the living room. Their "good nights" were only half polite. The main room of the lodge—fifty feet long, with a huge fireplace at one end—was a veritable armory. There were trophies—skins on the hardwood floor and heads on the walls—and the tools with which they had been taken—racks and closets of guns and pistols. In addition, he had brought to Lonely Lodge, for decoration, some of the knickknacks he had collected: spears, swords, cutlasses, a scimitar, a blowgun, a suit of mail, helmets, flintlocks, a wheel lock, a mace, foils. There were also hunting knives and an archery butt with modern bows and arrows. From the hall upstairs, Bailey had a glimpse of Mrs. Walters's maid, Beth, laying out her mistress's rather elaborate night equipment. Involuntarily he smiled when he saw it—and the girl smiled also, sharing his amusement. He stopped at the boudoir door. "Nevertheless," he said, as if in apology for his mirth, "she's a dandy person."

The girl understood. "One of the best," she answered.

Bailey went on, maundering over the feeling that the maid gave him. Twice in one day she had arrested some unidentified part of his mind.

He went to his room. He put on woolen underwear and a flannel shirt, heavy trousers, and soft-soled shoe pacs laced with rawhide. He turned out his lights. He rang a bell. Presently, from the hall outside, a man dressed in night clothes stepped into the room. The man climbed into Bailey's bed. Bailey opened a screen, went out the window, moved silently across the porch roof, dived into the air, caught the limb of a pine tree, and dropped soundlessly to the ground. For an hour he sat under one of the living-room windows. Eavesdropping is not a nice business to an honorable man. Neither is murder. When his guests had gone to their rooms, he walked into the woods. Some two hundred yards from the house, he took a sleeping bag from beneath a tangle of brush. He unrolled it and climbed in.

(Continued on page twelve)

FREE—beautiful reproduction of this painting, without advertising, in full colors, mailed free on request.

ETHAN ALLEN AND THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS PLAN THE ATTACK!

"Good News," wrote Samuel Adams in 1775, "Ticonderoga ... captured!" TODAY'S GOOD NEWS—"America writes with Ticonderoga." The blend of perfection for writing: strength, smoothness, lastingness. The name in everybody's mind of the pencil that belongs in everybody's hand:

TICONDEROGA 5¢ each

Five degrees unmatchably dependable. *2-5/10 is the firm Ticonderoga lead that pleases many hands better.*

Also No. 1, very soft; No. 2, soft; No. 3, medium; No. 4, hard. Write with the lead that helps your hand.

YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A TICONDEROGA FOR 5c—ACCEPT NOTHING ELSE! ASK YOUR DEALER FOR QUANTITY PRICES

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY, Dept. 10-J9, Jersey City, N. J. • Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Company, Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

HE talked himself into an interview . . . but his SOX talked him out of a job!

He made a great impression until he sat down . . . then all that could be heard or seen were his sox . . . they not only hung over his shoe-tops, they also hung over the entire interview . . . every time he said anything, his sox interrupted him . . . he never even had a chance . . . yet a pair of Paris Garters would have saved him. It seems there's no place for a man who can't keep his sox in place.

Get gartered and get going with "Miracle Elastic" Paris Garters . . . no substitutes made can touch them for comfort, economy, style . . . your money back after a week's wear if you aren't completely satisfied.

50c and up

ORIGINALS AT THE PRICE OF IMITATIONS

Paris Garters are priced no higher than imitations . . . So, if you can get the best . . . at the price of the next best . . . we leave it to you: What's best?

LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS "PARIS KNEELING FIGURE" ON THE PACKAGE

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

(Continued from page ten)

Bailey woke within a few minutes of the hour he had planned to wake. The east was gray but no more. It was chilly. Frost had fallen. An immediate sense of tangible wrong in his environment caused him to lie immobile.

His pupils, roving under his almost closed lids, saw his evenly steaming breath, the trees, and the ground around him.

He put his hand on the butt of his revolver and sat up. Then he observed the source of his nameless agitation. Leading toward the place where he had slept, across the moss and the damp needles, were footprints. Bailey crawled out of his sleeping bag and examined them. Pressed needles were still occasionally springing minutely back into position.

A woman had walked to his hiding place from the house—a woman who wore fairly high-heeled shoes. She had stood in front of him, with a tree at hand to conceal herself, for a long time. Long enough to change her stance, trampling the ground. She had come toward the place slowly and carefully. She had left it on tiptoe and at a near run.

Bailey finished his examination of the footprints. He rolled up his sleeping bag and hid it in a new place. His moccasins left no marks.

He walked silently to the house.

He climbed into the red pine tree that overhung the porch, crept across the shingles, opened the screen, and stepped into his room.

The man in his bed was evidently asleep. Bad. He had definite orders not to sleep. His duty was to remain awake and watch. Bailey moved to the bed. The man didn't stir. There was a reason. He had gone to sleep, all right—lying on his side, with his back to the windows.

And, while he lay there, some one had fired an arrow at him—an arrow that had gone through his back, pierced his heart, and killed him.

Bailey felt the body. Still warm.

He rang a bell. Then he stepped away from the bed and waited. Rodgers, the detective, came, his dressing gown tied tight around him.

"Take a look," Bailey said.

RODGERS looked. He walked over to the window. He examined the screen. There was no hole in it. "Somebody came through—and fired from about here," he said.

"Or else opened the screen and shot from the roof. Can you take fingerprints?"

"No, sir. Haven't the equipment. You'd need one of our specialists—or the police—to go over your bows. I presume you were thinking of that?"

"The bows — the arrow — the screen." Bailey spoke commandingly still, but with a sinking sense. "I want you to get a couple of young men, Rodgers. Carry this fellow out to the tool shed and lock his body there. Don't be seen. I want no one but the men you pick to know that this has happened, until I give the word."

Rodgers answered after an instant. "You can't do that, sir. The law requires—"

"This isn't Broadway and Forty-second Street! There isn't any law. Don't you realize that we're alone here for two weeks? We won't have any help. And our trouble is just beginning. We've got to bury that poor guy ourselves, and find the man who killed him ourselves—or the woman—"

"You're quite right, captain. I'll have Stacey's body hidden. One other thing. Whoever killed Stacey—it was not Mr. Mitchell."

There was light enough to make the surprise on Bailey's face plain. "You're sure?"

"HE went to bed at twelve twenty. You will recall that you told me to confine my personal attention to him? Since then he has made no move without my knowledge. He read until two five. He went to sleep at that time. He is still sleeping. He left his light on. Miller, the chef's helper, has watched him all night from the top of the powerhouse."

"What about every one else?"

"We were confining ourselves to Mr. Mitchell—on your orders."

"Damn my orders! Find out who was up, when lights in various rooms went out—all you can."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Rodgers. When every one is assembled for breakfast—and be sure that every one *is* assembled—notify me. I want to see every face when I appear. I want you to be watching. I won't be expected—by *somebody*. We've got to guess who that is when I show up. It'll be a good chance. Furthermore, make a mental note of anybody asking about me—why I'm late to breakfast and so on."

Rodgers nodded. A few moments later, with the chef and another of the guides, he returned. They put the body in a large wicker clothes hamper, after wrapping it in sheets. Thus, even if an early riser confronted them in the halls, their burden would seem natural.

Bailey sat in his room until the sun rose. Then, because there was nothing better to do while his guests woke and bathed in the lake, rang for coffee, and chatted to each other, he sent for a magnifying glass that belonged to a moth-and-butterfly collecting outfit, and went over every inch of his room. He found nothing—learned nothing.

At eight o'clock, after Rodgers had given him the high sign, he went downstairs. He walked into the dining room so quietly that his guests did not see him until he was at the head of the table.

Will the presence of Bailey's "ghost" betray the murderer? Is it the mysterious woman who found his hiding place last night? Will it be Mitchell? Or will the test fail utterly, the stalked Bailey finding himself as deep as ever in the dangerous proceedings? Continue the story in next week's issue.

Baltimore Girl Who Won Friendship of King Edward VIII

Meet Mrs. Wally Simpson, "the Most Envied Woman in the British Empire"—A Revealing Glimpse of the Maryland Lady and How It All Happened

by FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ONE of those new-rich American women, I suppose. She won't last—they never do!" That's what a British dowager said to me two years ago this summer, when the news began trickling back to deepest Mayfair that the Prince of Wales and "a certain beautiful American" were having "such fun" dancing the rumba in the Casino at Cannes and lolling in the sunlight at Biarritz.

But that even a British dowager may sometimes be wrong was abundantly proved soon after Prince Edward's accession to the throne, when the official Court Circular recorded that the beautiful American, now identified as Mrs. Ernest A. Simpson, formerly Miss Wallis Warfield of Baltimore, was lasting very nicely, thank you.

With Mr. Simpson, as Liberty has reported, she was an honored guest at the new King's first formal dinner in St. James's Palace, along with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Right Hon. Alfred Duff and Lady Diana Manners, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

Without Mr. Simpson, she appeared on the guest list of His Majesty's second formal dinner. The list, as announced:

The King and Mrs. Simpson.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York. The First Lord of the Admiralty and Lady Maud Hoare. The former Viceroy of India and Lady Willingdon. Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill.

Not bad for "one of those new-rich American women"!

But, as it happens, my British friend was also quite wrong about Mrs. Simpson's background. Her ancestry goes back much further in Britain's history than the King's own House of Hanover and Windsor.

The Warfield family is descended from that noble knight, Pagan de Warfield, who came to England with William the Conquerer in 1066 and distinguished himself at the Battle of Hastings. For his services he received a knight's fee of an English manor, henceforth known as Warfield's Walk, one of the sixteen "walkes" into which Windsor Forest was divided.

In The Annals of Windsor are found many now amusing references to the Warfield family's "prominent and close association with the royal household."

Richard Warfield, direct descendant of Pagan, came to Maryland in 1662, and settled on the banks of the Severn. Here,

Lady Cunard, American born, was conspicuous in "the Prince's set" and sponsored "Wally."

Mrs. Jimmie Corrigan. At left: The Simpsons' dining room, where the King has been a guest.

at his estate known as Warfield Right, he founded the American branch of the family. It was Richard's great-great-great-grandson, Charles Alexander Warfield of Revolutionary fame, who announced proudly that the family motto would henceforth read "We tolerate no king!"

Furthermore, Mrs. Simpson's mother was a Montague of the Virginia Montagues, who go back almost, if not quite, as far. The most conspicuous examples in the British aristocracy of current Montagues (or Montagus —the name is spelled both ways) are the Duke of Manchester and his son, Lord Edward Montagu.

It was, therefore, into a union of two old established houses that Bessie Warfield was born.

Yes, Bessie! She was called that after her mother's cousin, Mrs. Alexander Brown, née Bessie Montague, whose daughter married T. Suffern Tailer; also after her mother's sister, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, likewise née Bessie Montague, who still lives in the Merryman mansion in Washington, D. C.

It was Mrs. Merryman who accompanied her niece on the famous trip to Biarritz, where the two ladies astounded European society by hostessing for royalty at the Prince of Wales's villa, Monte Mer.

Bessie Warfield "came out" in 1914. Her uncle, S. Davies Warfield, president of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad and for many years the first citizen of Baltimore, personally prepared and had printed a notice that "the report that he will give a large ball for his debutante niece, Miss Bessie Warfield, is without foundation, in that he does not consider the present a proper time for such festivities, when thousands of men are being slaughtered and their families left destitute in . . . Europe."

In 1916, when her engagement to Lieutenant E. Winfield Spencer of the United States Navy was announced, it was "Miss Wallis Warfield, whose wedding will be one of the fashionable events of the fall season." And it was as Wallis Warfield that she was married on November 8 of that year.

Golfing at Biarritz, the Prince of Wales—who was shortly to become King—and Mrs. Simpson pause for light refreshment.

WALLIS was her father's name. He had another—Teackle; but he preferred to be known as T. Wallis. The Warfields don't go in much for first names, anyhow. It was only natural that Bessie W. should become B. Wallis, or, for all practical purposes, Wally.

Very soon after Teackle Wallis Warfield married Alice Montague—known throughout Virginia and Maryland as "one of the beautiful Montague sisters"—he fell ill and was forced to move with his young family up into the Blue Ridge Mountains, where he died when the present Mrs. Simpson, an only child, was less than three years old.

The young widow and her baby moved back to Baltimore. T. Wallis had died before he had had a chance to accumulate any money of his own; and Mrs. T. Wallis had altogether too much Montague in her to be willing to live indefinitely as a pensioner on anybody's bounty. Presently she was renting a house at 212 East Biddle Street, where from 1900 to 1908 she supported herself and child by taking boarders.

From this wholly praiseworthy action on Mrs. Warfield's part have come those ill-natured whisperings on the lips of British irreconcilables that their King has taken up with a boardinghouse keeper's daughter.

It's all in the point of view!

Anyhow, in this modest stone-and-brick house with its sidewise stoop and iron rail—it still stands on the north side of Biddle between Guilford and Calvert—Mrs. Simpson adolesced. And when, in 1908, her attractive mother married a gay young blade of the town, Mr. John Freeman Rasin, she was attended by "the beautiful young daughter of the bride."

When "Old Sol" Warfield—S. Davies never used his first name, but everybody else in Baltimore did!—stated in his will that he was not leaving anything of consequence to his nieces and nephews because they were all in comfortable circumstances, he made an exception of his favorite niece, Bessie Warfield, for whose benefit he left a trust fund of fifteen thousand dollars.

Baltimoreans remember Bessie Warfield as petite, auburn-haired, chic, gay, witty. In her teens she was known as a brilliant conversationalist, sometimes embarrassingly outspoken. In the vernacular of a later period, she had a "line." And her velvety voice deserved then, just as much as it does now, King Edward's reported declaration:

"She has the most beautiful voice in the world."

AN old friend, who has known her from the day she was born, tells me that she was one of those children whose every feature is good without creating an outstanding beauty. It is only in recent years that her face has acquired that piquancy which makes her the real beauty she now is.

In spite of her mother's temporarily reduced circumstances, Bessie went everywhere and did everything that a Baltimore society miss should. She was a much sought partner not only at the Bal des Arts and the Assembly, but at the select Supper Club, which met each week at Colonel Consolvos's Belvedere. When her engagement was announced, the Baltimore News said truthfully:

"Miss Warfield has been a belle ever since she made her debut two years ago."

Of one thing old Baltimoreans are certain: In the most conventional of American cities, Bessie Warfield led an unusually conventional life. Her name was never conspicuously connected with any one member of a large group of adoring swains until a fine handsome youth in the uniform of a naval aviator, Lieutenant Earl Winfield Spencer, who had danced with her when he was a midshipman at Annapolis, came back in 1916 to claim her as his bride.

The wedding took place in Christ's Church, with the groom and all his ushers in full-dress naval uniform. As was proper, however, the bride was the chief object of interest. Gossips still tell how lovely she was as she walked down the aisle on Uncle Sol's arm. A honeymoon at White Sulphur and Atlantic City followed; then a winter in Pensacola, Florida, where Lieutenant Spencer was stationed. A year later, 1917, the pair went to California, where the lieutenant was sent to establish a naval flying school. Eight years later they were divorced.

Much has been said—or whispered—about this first marriage. Attempts have been made to cast discredit through it on the young woman who is now admittedly the very best friend of the King of England. One story has

been widely circulated to the effect that Lieutenant Spencer became so distracted by conditions in his home that he jumped from a window and killed himself—a story which must have its humorous side to husky, very much alive Commander E. Winfield Spencer, U. S. N., as he takes his ease these autumn evenings at the Ninth Naval District on the Great Lakes!

As a matter of fact the Spencers were a happy and singularly united couple. There was no scandal or suspicion of scandal during their nine years of married life or at the time of their divorce in 1925.

"The same thing happened to those two youngsters that happens every year to hundreds of modern couples," said a man of the world who knew the Spencers intimately. "They drifted apart. And they met the situation in the modern manner—by a quiet, respectable divorce."

The records in the courthouse at Warrenton, Virginia, bear out the truth of this statement. In 1924 the then Mrs. Spencer came to Warrenton to establish the year's residence required by Virginia law, and throughout her stay lived a quiet, almost retired life. Not a half dozen of her old friends in near-by Baltimore knew of her presence or intention. Then, on strictly technical grounds, she received her decree.

That there was nothing which reflected on her conduct is evidenced by the fact that it was she who obtained the divorce. That there was nothing discreditable to her husband is likewise vouched for by the fact that he is not only still in uniform but has been steadily advanced in responsibility and rank.

Commander Spencer married again shortly after the granting of the divorce; Mrs. Spencer not until three years later—July 21, 1928—when, on a visit to London, she met and married Ernest A. Simpson.

MR. SIMPSON has been placed by the press of the world on what is known as a spot. He has been the subject of such quips as "The Unimportance of Being Ernest," etc. It was inevitable. It has happened to nearly every husband whose wife has been the recipient of the royal favor. The only question is whether the man cares enough about his wife to "take it"—and Ernest Simpson has certainly proved himself the best of sports.

As can be seen from a casual glance around his substantial suite of offices, Mr. Simpson is "in shipping." Previously he was in Harvard, where he was graduated with the class of 1919; and before that he was in Canada, where he was born. His home for many years has been London. And he looks it. In fact, he is more British than the British. Tall, blond, soldierly, he is the young girl's dream of why the sun never sets on the British Empire. He was for a time in one of the regiments of which Edward has long been honorary colonel. Even now he keeps himself fit by enthusiastic participation in outdoor sports.

The Simpsons came to America on a visit in 1934. After renewing old acquaintances in New York, they went down to Baltimore for the races at Pimlico. Among Wally's old friends, Simpson made quite as much of a hit as Spencer had made eighteen years before. His attitude toward his wife was devotion itself; and Wallis was very happy on this trip. Proudly she showed photographs of herself in the court dress she had worn at the time of her presentation to King George and Queen Mary—the occasion on which, so it is said, she first attracted the eye of the heir to the throne.

"I felt almost like a bride again," she said.

Incidentally, she was giving to her old friends the best possible evidence of her own and her husband's social position in the British capital. That an American-born woman married to an untitled Canadian-born man should achieve so much in such a short time would have been impossible but for the existence of the "Prince's set."

This inner circle consists, first of all, of the new King's most intimate British friends, the Mountbattens, the Sutherlands, and the Milford Havens; then of a slightly larger group of American-born or American-married people, mostly of great wealth.

MOST firmly established American woman in the Prince's set, when the former Wally Warfield came to London, was Mrs. James W. (Jimmie) Corrigan. Long recognized as the uncrowned queen of Americo-European society, Mrs. Corrigan was always giving parties for the Prince at her magnificent town residence, fine old Crewe House in Curzon Street, to which she invited personable young women who could dance. That beautiful Mrs. Simpson obviously qualified; so she promptly became a "regular" at Mrs. Jimmie's entertainments.

In Mrs. Corrigan's wake came an even more picturesque character, "Emerald," Lady Cunard, born Maud Alice Burke of San Francisco and New York, widow of the shipping magnate, Sir Bache Cunard, and mother of Nancy Cunard. No one knows where Mary Cunard found the name Emerald, but she signs her checks that way, and many of them.

Anyhow Emerald, oldest, most magnetic and most ambitious member of the Prince's set, promptly took Wally to her ample bosom. More recently it was Lady Cunard who sat, along with Wally and the Prime Minister and Lady Di, at the King's first dinner—the meal heard round the world!

Meanwhile, buttressed by these two sturdy champions, Mrs. Simpson's way into the Prince's set was sure and speedy. Thelma, Lady Furness, American-born wife of another shipping magnate, Sir Marmaduke Furness, and sister of the much litigating Gloria Vanderbilt, became Mrs. Simpson's most intimate friend—a position which Lady Furness was also said to hold at the time in the social life of the heir to the throne.

The world knows what followed—at Cannes, at Biarritz, at Como, at Budapest, at Vienna, at London. First, Thelma and Wallis and the Prince. Then, just Wallis and the Prince. Chaperoned by her Aunt Bessie, Mrs. Merryman, Mrs. Simpson became what she is today, Edward's closest friend. At forty, the "beautiful American" is the most envied person in the British Empire!

THE END

Cowgirl Love and Cowboy Hate in Madison Square Garden

You see them risking their necks in the arena of the rodeos. Sometimes there is more than prize money involved in the wild contests—hearts are at stake; passions clashing; love and hate in a death struggle before thousands of spectators who do not guess what is really going on.

Every year the crack cowgirls and cowboys of the Far West trek through the great American states, competing in the rodeos, but never before has the real story of these people been told. Now Dora Macy, who wrote Ex-Mistress, Night Nurse, and Public Sweetheart Number One, brings you the real story in her latest novel—

RIDING HIGH

Coming in Liberty soon. Don't miss it!

MASTER Contemplates the

by JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"Go now!" whispered Ambroise. "Run!" She was at his elbow.

WHEN François Villon, master of arts, approached the cloisters of Saint Benedict the Well-Turned, he had his choice of ways to get in, poetry being only one of the arts he was master of. In former times—that is, a month ago—while still unhunted by the police, he would have picked the lock or climbed the ancient vine which anchored itself around his attic window, but on this late afternoon the soundless or stealthy approach was unsuitable. Having returned for no other purpose than to engage his godfather's attention, he now remembered where the front door was, and knocked loud.

The godfather referred to, Guillaume de Villon, chaplain of Saint Benedict's and professor of canon law, was about to enjoy his evening soup. He got up from his chair with a groan which was half blessing and half curse, and went out to see what it was.

When he saw, he first crossed himself, then he drew in Master François by the collar and slammed the door shut, then he shoved him into an adjacent closet or storeroom, where, having bolted that door also, as though they both needed hiding, he embraced the visitor in an afterthought of agitated affection.

"Back again, my son? For the love of God!"

"Father," said Master François, folding himself down on an empty packing box, "I hope your health continues to be what it should."

Since Guillaume de Villon was prepared at the moment to issue no bulletin, Master François looked him over in silence. What he inspected was a fairly accurate mirror of himself, the same black eyes, the same long nose, the same bald dome. If the chaplain was stout and his hair white, you could account for those natural differences by the thirty years which separated them, the priest being, in Master François's opinion, an old man—fifty-five.

"They are searching for you," said the chaplain. "The provost went through the house but yesterday. You are to be hanged at sight."

"The provost exaggerates," said Master François. "The hanging was commuted to exile."

"Even so," said the chaplain, "you were not to return, under pain of death. But there's a new charge against you. The king's treasurer, the Seigneur de Grigny—"

"Is he the king's treasurer?" asked Master François. "Of course! I didn't place him."

"He says you entered his house."

"At his invitation. A gentleman of the grand manner. I hope to visit him again."

"Are you hungry, as usual?"

"For two days," said Master François, "I have eaten nothing, but, as you say, that's a habit with me, hardly worth discussing."

"Have you no money?"

"None whatever."

"Do you come to me for that?"

"You know better!"

"I believe I do," said the chaplain. "Your motives are rarely obvious."

"When I left," said Master François, "I promised you to reform."

"I offered you a purse," said the chaplain.

"Your farewell remarks," said Master François, "stung me to pride, and pride, as you taught, is a sin. Moreover, that promise of correct conduct was made to you. I have now made it to myself, which is more binding. I find no longer possible those innocent appropriations which normally supply a foot traveler's wants."

"What else brought you back?"

"A woman."

"God forgive us!" said the chaplain. "There too you promised."

"She is not like the others," said Master François. "My love, for once, is pure. That also adds to my distress."

"Who is she?"

"Would it be delicate," said Master François, "to publish the name before I have proposed marriage?"

"Will she marry a man who may be hanged?" inquired

"I stay," said he. So Louise saw them when she came in.

VILLON
Life of the Home

the chaplain. "Besides, you are registered as a student for holy orders."

"Father," said Master François, "having seen her, I give up the priesthood."

"Ah, you do, do you?"

"My thought," said Master François, "was that I would resume my residence here with you, face criticism with courage, and re-establish my character."

"You can't!" said the chaplain. "Not in *my* house!"

"My room in the attic," said Master François, "is it still unoccupied?"

"I will give you all the gold I have," said the chaplain, "if you will go at once!"

"She herself," said Master François, "is of the best blood in the land."

The Rapscallion Poet of Paris Again Dares Death for Love and This Time Wins a Strange Prize with a Kiss

The chaplain was reaching down into the pocket of his cassock.

"My further thought," said Master François, "was that I would call upon the provost and come to terms with him. That is, with him or with his wife. Before I left Paris I sent her a little poem by way of thanks for successful intercession. I think she must have liked it. Her maiden name was worked into the line beginnings, acrostic fashion."

The chaplain pulled out a fat moneybag. "Take this," said he, "and go! Among liars you are God's masterpiece."

"Had you offered the purse for its own sake," said the poet, keeping his hands clasped, "I should have been able to accept it with humility and gratitude, both proper in the life of virtue, but since you make the gift appear a tribute to mendacity, I must decline. What I have told you happens to be truth."

"I believe nothing you say," interrupted the chaplain, "but I would help you escape punishment. Take the gold, leave the city, do what the devil compels, so it be far away!"

"Another thought," said Master François. "Since the lady is of honorable birth, I have become interested in my own father. Who was he? Who and what?"

THE chaplain's eyes were glassy. "Your mother's husband—"

Master Villon smiled ever so slightly. "That's the man I asked about. He died, I understand, when I was born. What was his profession?"

They faced each other. Then the chaplain held out the purse. "Will you take it and go?"

"How *is* my mother?" said Master François. "Have you seen her lately?"

"You are beyond love or prayers," said the chaplain. "God have mercy on me!"

"I'll accept the money," said Master Villon in a softer tone, stretching out his hand, "if no conditions cramp it."

"It's not to be spent on Catherine."

"Catherine? She betrayed me, as you know! If we meet, I'll kill her."

"Promise *not* to meet! Leave the city at once!"

Master François tucked the purse inside his jacket. "I spread my thanks at your feet, father. Peace be with you! I know the way out."

At that hour of dusk good men were busy with their meals and the street of Saint James was deserted. If he hurried southward he could reach the city walls before the gate closed for the night, and the guard, having passed him in for a country fellow market bound, would let him trudge back to the fields. That is, if he hurried.

Instead, he walked toward the river, over the bridge, past the lesser Châtelet where Provost d'Estouteville locked up poets and scholars, then to the middle of the island, between churches and other respectable edifices, turning at last sharply to the left along a crooked street.

The unwelcome name of Catherine had suggested Noah Joli, equally disliked, and Noah was closely related by marriage as well as by nature to Robin Turgis, tavern keeper and treasury spy, and Turgis spun his web of evil in the Pine Cone, with its absurdly painted sign and its sour cellar smell, and the Pine Cone emphasized the idea of food.

In the darkness he heard the sign creaking in the breeze, and stumbling down the familiar stones he kicked the door open.

Before a bright hearth a capon roasted. Before the capon sat Catherine. Before Catherine, across the table, sat Noah Joli, she leaning sociably, he sprawling sympathetically. Near his elbow stood a jug of wine. At the moment he was unbuttoning the front of her dress, and her state was such that she admired his wit.

Watching this byplay of the heart, Robin Turgis was resting his person on the account desk at the tap.

At sight of Master François they curled up, as it were, in an abrupt concentration—three separate spiders, at home to Mr. Fly.

Master François removed his cap, bowed to the company, stepped over to the table and found himself a chair between Catherine and Noah, facing Turgis.

The three followed him with their eyes.

"Robin," said he, "I am hungry."

The tavern keeper straightened his indolent carcass, opened his spacious account book, thumbed a page or two, carried the volume to Master François's chair, and with the finger of doom indicated a long-standing total.

Master François emptied half his purse on the table. "Keep the surplus," said he. "I may eat here again."

"Who was robbed today?" asked the astonished host, counting the pieces.

Master François waited till the arithmetic was complete. "Have you a pen?" said he. "It might be well to cross out that addition."

Once more he paused till the ink was drawn across the reckoning, and Turgis, with small show of grace, had put the book away in his desk.

"The king's treasurer and I," said Turgis, "were talking about you this morning."

"So I hear," said Master François, using his wits. "When he and I talked, over a bottle of Beaune, the subject was you."

The treasury spy came out from behind his desk. "*You* talked with him?"

"With the Seigneur de Grigny himself. In his house. Also while traveling with him in his coach."

"About *me?*"

"For vigilance," said Master François, "the Seigneur de Grigny has no match. He scrutinizes his department to the remotest corner."

Robin Turgis went white, then purple. "Would you care," said he, "for a hot dish from the kitchen?"

"I'm not so hungry as that," said Master François with that dangerous smile of his. "When the capon is cooked I'll cut off a slice for Catherine and Noah, and if they don't die, I'll try it."

He pulled out his knife.

"Easy there!" said Turgis. "Remember you're among friends."

"I'm between Catherine and Noah," said Master François. "Or I was, until they drew away."

The girl leaned forward again and tried to smile with her painted lips. "If you hadn't run off, François, if you had known how I really felt—that beating you got at my doorstep was no work of mine."

He permitted himself a close look at what had once charmed him. He drew a deep breath. The spell and the hate were both gone.

"Our quarrel is at an end," said he. "Noah is your man."

"You love me no more, François?"

"My dear, the new heartache cures the old."

"Who is she?"

"Put your mind on Noah. I spoke of him."

Noah raised himself with the aid of the table. "A pleasant evening to you all. I'll walk on."

"Do you fear the capon?" said Master François, noting an exchange of eye between the tavern keeper and his brother-in-law.

Catherine put a nervous hand on his arm. "He will call the watch!"

"The watch and I," began Master François calmly, disengaging himself from her grasp, "are now on such cordial terms—"

An energetic woman, young but fat, came suddenly out of the kitchen, a globed creature in bed slippers that flopped and a single garment that stuck to her.

"Lazy louts all!" she cried. "Here am I sweating away—" She caught sight of Master François. "Saint Michael and all the saints! Does he show himself here?"

"Good evening, Margot."

"The hangman for you! Out of my door!"

"Margot!" pleaded Turgis, "he says he has come into fortune, and he's in the treasurer's favor."

"Call the police, Noah," said the fat woman.

"Stay here, Noah," said the tavern keeper. "We'll keep the game in our own hands. He says he spent some hours at the treasurer's home."

"At Grigny," said Master François.

"Did you meet his daughter?" asked Margot.

"I did," said Master François. Catherine was watching.

In Addition to the Regular Purchase Price

Liberty Will Pay a Bonus of

$1,000

(approximately a dollar a word)

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

$2,000

These are bonuses—to be paid in addition to the regular purchase price. Stories will be bought and paid for on acceptance as usual. On publication in any issue of Liberty between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937, each author will become automatically eligible for a bonus.

The Bonuses Will Be:

$1,000; $500; and Five of $100 Each

Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories.

All writers are eligible. Amateurs and inexperienced authors are cordially invited to enter the lists, but so-called "professionals" are not barred.

$1,000 for a thousand words is "tops" in prices—and when you add Liberty's regular purchase price it becomes a sizable sum. Seldom has a higher rate been paid to any author.

This is not a contest, but a bonus offered in Liberty's continuing effort for the best short short stories. There are no special rules. You may submit as many stories as you wish. Rejected contributions will be returned provided sufficient postage AND a self-addressed envelope are enclosed.

Manuscripts will be handled in the usual way: simply address them to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. They will be bought on their merits.

THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

"She's in Paris now," said Turgis, as though he and his wife had plotted together.

Caution to the winds, Master François stared wide-eyed and Catherine knew the worst.

"The Seigneur de Grigny never leaves her at home," said the treasury spy. "When he tracked you here he brought her along. They're staying with the provost. We'll just walk to the other bank and ask for a word with them, and if they don't hang you I'll return the gold and feed you for a year."

"You have no appointment with the provost, have you?" asked Master François. "I have. I stopped here on my way, to pay a debt. Now I'm to report one or two matters to the provost and the treasurer, and they've permitted me to offer my homage to the ladies."

They gaped, unbelieving.

"It was a meal you came for," said Turgis.

"I was hungry," said Master François, "and I still am, but I don't trust what Margot would feed me."

"The police, Noah!" said the fat woman.

Master François made ready to depart. "I'll be late if we gossip more. Let Robin come by my side. When he sees the welcome that I get, he can run home to you, Margot, for comfort!"

TURGIS reached for his hat and heavy staff.

"A quiet night to you all," said Master François, at the bottom of the front steps.

"She can't have you," said Catherine. "I won't let her."

He turned his back on her, and mounted the steps to the dark street, the tavern keeper close at heel, two shadows matching their strides, first to the right as far as the river, then doubling to the right again, then left across the bridge, then right, toward the Célestin quarter, where Master François's mother lived, then left once more, to the portal of a grim house with hinges as big as a ship's anchor.

"I'm to do the talking," said Master François, "and you may take the news back to Margot and Noah, when they invite me in."

"When!" said Robin Turgis.

But they did invite him, somewhat to the surprise of Master François himself. When the provost's man answered the knock and learned it was François Villon, to call on the family and all the guests, the fellow was hardly gone when he brought word again that François Villon would be received in the upper hall, where the ladies were enjoying a log on the hearth, and though Provost d'Estouteville and the Seigneur de Grigny had been called forth on an errand they would be home any minute now.

To the evidence of so magnificent a welcome the tavern keeper ruefully surrendered. "You'll eat me out of my trade!"

"Your wager," Master François reminded him, "included my gold."

Morning!
—and he feels rotten! He has a sick-headache. No energy. But his wife mixes him two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water, and later . . .

Afternoon!
—he's putting over his ideas with real punch and vigor! His head's clear. He has his old pep back. For Sal Hepatica not only cleanses the system but combats acidity, too. That half-sick feeling doesn't linger, as it's apt to with ordinary laxatives.

You need a laxative that COMBATS ACIDITY, too

An ordinary laxative is a half-way measure—doing only half the job.

For when you are constipated, there are usually two things you should do:

(1) Cleanse the system.

(2) Combat the acidity that usually accompanies constipation.

The ordinary laxative does only the first. But Sal Hepatica does BOTH.

First, Sal Hepatica cleanses the system—quickly, gently, thoroughly. *Second*, Sal Hepatica brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction to help your system return to its healthy alkaline reserve.

Soon you feel more alive, more energetic, clear-headed. Get Sal Hepatica today.

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight" featuring Stoopnagle and Budd, and hopeful amateurs. Every Wednesday night—N.B.C. coast to coast.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

With the provost's man holding the door open, Robin Turgis walked off in the stream of light.

Ambroise de Loré, the provost's famous wife, waited for Master François, alone. He felt a quick pang, missing Louise. Not that Ambroise, standing there in the firelight, would occupy less than a man's eyesight and, if he were otherwise heart-free, his thoughts. Those who have remembered her say that she was seductive. They say that she was high-spirited, her beauty being so secure that she could afford to laugh. They add that though her generosity bordered at moments on the reckless, she made up for it in long intervals by planting her feet on the ground. She was tall, and her mouth was large.

"François, you are a fool!" she said.

"Did you like the poem?" said he.

"Did you stop in," said she, "for a literary opinion, or to catch a glimpse of Louise?"

"The poem," said he, "was my gift to you."

He stood before her, hat in hand. She smiled as their eyes met.

"The poem for me, the visit for Louise."

"Ambroise," said he, "will you implore me to sit down?"

"Oh, you can't stay! My husband will be here, and the seigneur."

"I wish to see them!"

"They wish to find *you!* François, my friend, you've walked into the noose. The Seigneur de Grigny knows what bait to use."

He helped himself to a chair. "I'll stay till I learn whether Louise would lend herself to a trap. My conscience is clear—that is, so far as concerns her."

Ambroise seated herself on a low hassock by the fire. "My husband read the poem. I can't cure his suspicion a second time. I repeat, you are a fool."

"So be it," said Master François, "but I owed you thanks for the pleading which saved me, as well as for—"

"Thanks!" said Ambroise. "I beg your life, and you thank me by swearing in verse that I am the lady of your heart, and Love writes—something or other—in his book, and this is the end for which we are together. I ask you, what would my husband think *that* meant?"

"I inscribed it to him," said Master François. "It's supposed to give his point of view."

"Go now before he returns," said she, rising. "Unless his heart stops beating he will hang you."

"Where is Louise?" said he, crossing one leg over the other.

"I told her to keep her room till you were gone. Or until you were carried out. She knows your death is ordered."

"I love her," said Master François.

FOR all her good humor, Ambroise de Loré, we are told, had eyes that could flash.

"Love? You?"

Master François stood up and spoke into those eyes of hers. "At the Judgment Day, Ambroise, I shall explain myself thus: many women have I worshiped, for a night or an hour. Of most of them the reward should be in heaven. But when the hour had struck, the worship was finished and the congregation went home, with charitable sentiments, in at least one case. That was worship, not love. I love Louise. I never loved before. Why, if your husband is away, did you ask me to come in?"

She smiled. "Consider my position. The guard will tell him. What if I let you escape?"

"Since I am here, you will say—"

"That you fled when I screamed."

"Ah!—when you advised me to leave, it was to be arrested at the door?"

She sat in a high-backed chair and looked up at him. "You once knew a safe way out. François, is it delicate of you, this turning to me for aid to win Louise?"

"I asked for no aid," said he. "I cannot win her. But I love her." As he spoke, he strode back and forth the length of the rug before the fire. "I might have had a roof of my own, my own hearth, with—I dream of it—with her. A door of my own, and peace behind it, and nothing in my heart to fear a loud knock. With her to talk and plan, and watch the folly of the world outside. We would have children, and they'd love her. Perhaps they'd be proud of me. She makes me think of that."

He paced on, having said all.

"I am sorry, François! I wish you had what you desire."

He looked at her quickly and thought how like her it was to say it, and how sincere, and how jealous at the same time she could be.

"I'll clear my name with Louise," said he. "That at least. Her father misinterprets my going to her room."

"The story he tells does sound like you!"

"I thought of stealing, to get food, but nothing beyond that."

There was a footstep on the stairs. "Go now!" whispered Ambroise. "Run!"

She was at his elbow, pushing him toward the other door.

"I stay," said he, leaning back for balance.

AMBROISE pushing, Master François leaning back, so Louise saw them when she came in, wearing a gown of silken blue, her wide eyes frightened. Ambroise let him go, and he straightened up and bowed.

"I could bear it no longer," she said simply. "The silence was endless. I had to know what happened."

"Master François Villon," said Ambroise, "wishes to repair his reputation with your father and my husband. Since they are absent, I wish he would go home. I was trying to push him out."

"Is that all?" said the girl, resting limp on the hassock.

"My interest in your father," said Master François, "need not mislead us. I hoped for this sight of you. Our conversation in the garden, that morning, was hurried."

"What morning?" said Ambroise. "Louise, you didn't tell me."

"Madame d'Estouteville," said the poet, "I entered the château in search of something to eat. At the moment the Seigneur de Grigny and his daughter, indeed their entire household, were absent. In a room which I afterward discovered to be mademoiselle's, in an upper drawer—"

"May I interrupt?" said the girl. "Would you take offense if I asked a question? You look hungry this very minute."

"My lady," said he, "you put into me a reasonable wish to live no more in the streets or on the highway. When you appeared that evening on the riverbank, outside La Belle Image, I acquired wisdom. Had I more moments like this—"

"Why not be practical?" said the girl. "The last time I saw you, you were climbing a wall with the aid of an apple tree. The last time before that, my father's men were kicking you out our front door. Now I come to Paris, since father insists, and the first thing I learn is that the visit is for your sake, and you must be hanged. What you say of the impression my appearance makes is rather bookish, isn't it?"

"Master François Villon," said Ambroise, "I repeat, you should go while the path is clear."

"I wish you *would* go," said the girl. "Truly, I wish it!"

"From that upper drawer, Madame d'Estouteville," said he, "I removed a gold piece. A few hours later, in the twist of Heaven's will, I was at the château again, this time by invitation, with the gold piece still in my pocket. Having then the honor of mademoiselle's acquaintance, I restored what was hers, she having first restored me to the way of grace. At least, to the desire for it. Then her father found me in her room, and thought what gentlemen think."

"In another minute," said the provost's wife, "I shall not be able to answer for you. The guards have been told—"

"Madame d'Estouteville," said he, "the suspicions of the Seigneur de Grigny placed me in a dilemma, upon which I should like your expert comment. Would mademoiselle here prefer to believe that I entered her room to restore stolen goods, which is evidence of virtue, or would she rather think I went there to take liberties with

her person, which is supposed to be evidence of love?"

"The guards," said Madame d'Estouteville, "expect you to leave by the door, and when you do, they'll seize you. If you don't leave promptly, they will inquire into what you and I are doing—and Mademoiselle de Grigny. They'll look for you here."

"Upon most women," said Master François, "the evidence of love might create the happier impression, but to Mademoiselle de Grigny I told the truth."

"Master François Villon," said Ambroise, "is there one woman you have not deceived?"

"There is one."

"This is too much!" said she. "You refuse to play fair? You challenge me?"

"I shall stay till your husband and the seigneur return. I will then attempt to clear a little of the mud from my name. Let them hang me if they insist, but if I live, let it be no longer as fugitive or vagabond. The moment the provost comes in—"

"Why," said the girl, "he won't get back for days! He and father thought you were still in the country. They are searching for you there!"

"Then my life is my own," said Master François, "for at least an hour more."

AMBROISE walked toward the stairway, and turned at the threshold. Her hand clutched the brocaded curtains.

"Against my will I must summon the guard. To save Louise, to save myself, I must! Will you go?"

"Can he find a way out?" asked Louise.

"He can. He knows it well."

The girl came close to him. "If I ask you, will you go?"

He bowed. "Not for another hour, mademoiselle. An hour at least."

With a hand-wave of exasperation, Ambroise disappeared. The fright came back to the girl's eyes.

"They *do* mean to hang you! Why do you make it easy?"

"Because I cannot hope for your love. For a moment I have seen you. Nothing better is left than to die here."

She reached up and kissed him. "Don't die! Go!"

The persuasion in the kiss was extraordinary. He found the streets quiet and the walking smooth, in spite of hunger, as he crossed the bridge to the island and the second bridge to the street of Saint James, and on up to the cloisters of Saint Benedict the Well-Turned. The ancient vine served once more as ladder to his attic window, and when he descended again to the kitchen inside, he offered thanks, as of old, for bread in the box and sausage in the larder, and climbing back in stocking feet, hands and mouth full, to the bed on which his boyhood had slept and dreamed, he considered the probable astonishment of the cook, and what face his father in God would wear.

THE END

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

No Bite!

No Bite!

Still no Bite!

Sure you can smoke a pipe. Just try Half & Half. Cool as a wife saying: "Where have you *been?*" Sweet as your alibi: "Out with your dad." Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

Fearless Example

by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

THE army had lost the services of the only two men it called "fearless"—on the same day. Yes, there were only two of them. There were *brave* men galore in the army, but General "Hardrock" Charley Grant and Sergeant "Big Mike" Carstairs were more than brave: they were absolutely fearless.

If you didn't believe that, you had only to consult the official records of their thirty-eight years of service. There you would see the list of medals they had won. It was as long as a man's arm and the endless citations were studded with such phrases as "by his fearless example" and "for fearless conduct under fire." Not *brave* conduct, mind you, but *fearless.*

And there *is* a big difference between bravery and fearlessness. Any old soldier will tell you so, and wherever soldiers gather they discuss it. They were discussing it in the messes at Fort Driscoll the night after the troop review that mustered old Hardrock and Sergeant Big Mike into the retirement to which no one wanted to see them go—retirement forced on them because they had reached the limit.

"A toast," said Major Gardner, in the officers' mess, "to General Hardrock Grant, the only officer in the army who didn't know what the word 'fear' meant, and to Sergeant Big Mike Carstairs, the only enlisted man. The army will miss their fearless example."

"And how!" said Colonel Campbell, the president of the mess. "The very first time I set eyes on that pair I believe they saved me from disgracing myself. It was in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. General Hardrock was only a shavetail and Big Mike was Private Carstairs—but what a job they did!

"The Spaniards conjured a field gun from thin air and turned it on us at point-blank range. It was a slaughter! And me—I was only a kid and I was scared pink. And I wasn't the only one. A piece of shrapnel killed the color-bearer and plunged the flag into the dirt—and the whole company was ready to run.

"Then Big Mike grabbed the flag, and Hardrock yelled, 'Charge!' The two of them dashed straight into the teeth of that gun. The company pulled itself together and followed; it always does—after some one sets the example."

"It's odd," said Major Baldwin, "this difference between bravery and true fearlessness. Let's see. You were scared to death, but you did your bit just the same. That's bravery—and I often wonder if the man who is so scared that he's actually sick at his stomach doesn't deserve more credit for sticking things out than the man who isn't afraid at all."

"Maybe," said the colonel. "But it's mighty lucky for the army that once in a while there is a fearless man like Hardrock or Big Mike to show the way. If it wasn't for them the *brave* boys might take so long in making up their minds that they *were* going to be brave that the battle would be lost—and perhaps the whole war."

Down in the noncoms' mess the talk was about the same.

"Scared?" said Sergeant Jones. "Certainly. I've been scared stiff in every fight I've ever been in. I'd have turned tail and bolted a dozen times—if it wasn't that there are things even worse than death."

"What, for instance?"

"Meeting a really fearless guy like Mike Carstairs the next morning and knowing that he has you ticketed as yellow. Why, I'd have run that time in the Argonne when those two machine guns caught us in a cross fire if it hadn't been for Big Mike.

"My common sense told me it was time to leave. Man, my *stomach* told me! Then I saw Big Mike crawling up through all those bullets with an automatic in one hand and a grenade in the other—and not batting an eye. A fellow can't quit in a case like that, can he? I swallowed my guts and tagged along."

Sergeant Irving spoke up: "It's not only facing Big Mike or old Hardrock that makes me carry on when I'm scared—which I am, plenty of times. You see, I'm married—and in love with my wife. How do you think I'd like to have her look at me like I was something slimy, and ask, sugary-sweet-like, if I'd seen Big Mike Carstairs lately, and *how many new medals did he have?*"

That same night two square-shouldered men with iron-gray hair met—by appointment—in a private room in an uptown hotel. One was General Hardrock Grant; the other was Sergeant Big Mike Carstairs.

"Lock the door, sergeant," said the general, "and have a look around to make sure we have no uninvited guests."

Big Mike investigated the closet and bathroom. General Hardrock produced a bottle of whisky. He poured two man-sized drinks and set them on the bureau top. As he did, he caught his reflection in the glass. It held his attention. Silently Big Mike walked over and stood beside the general. They both looked into the mirror.

"Sergeant," said the general, "have you shaved every morning for the past thirty-eight years? Barring battles, you have. And have you had to look at yourself in the mirror every time you did? You have. Well, do you know what I am thinking about, sergeant? You do. I thought you would.

"It would be damned hard, wouldn't it, sergeant, to have to look into that mirror every morning and say to yourself, 'Good morning, coward'?"

"Worse than death!" said Big Mike quietly.

"Correct, sergeant—and we never had to. I guess we *do* qualify as brave men. But as for these other things they have been saying about us, well"—a broad grin broke the lines in old Hardrock's face—"for the first time there is no one around for whom we have to set a 'fearless example'—so let's drink a toast."

The two voices boomed as one: "To the thirty-eight years we have been scared to death."

THE END

ALL HIGH-SCHOOL CHILLUN GOT WINGS

These Teaneck, New Jersey, high-school students get flight instruction and have a plane! Here it is, with their instructor, Art Norwood.

At Last American Schools Are Awakening to the Passion of Our Boys and Girls to Fly

by

SWANEE TAYLOR

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

YOUTH is sprouting pinfeathers!

Just glance at the stream of applications for student flying permits that pours daily into the Bureau of Air Commerce in Washington. The number of these permits issued so far this year amounts to more than one third of all the licenses issued throughout the bureau's nine years' existence.

While touring the country with a flying circus some six years ago, each time I announced my belief that the very kids there in the grandstands would some day fly and think nothing of it, merry little ripples of doubt would run gaily through the audiences. And when I told them that my own three-and-a-half-year-old baby boy could hold an airplane in straight and level flight, these ripples swelled to a wave of disbelief.

Today, strangely enough, it is the mothers of the nation who are responsible for little Willie and little Inez having an opportunity to get a proper groundwork in aeronautical subjects. At least, parent-teacher associations had a lot to do with having aviation courses included in high-school curricula.

Here is how the educational score stands as of July 16, 1936. I quote from a letter from the Office of Education, United States Department of the Interior:

"Our mailing list of junior and senior high schools covers about 23,000 individual schools. Most of the special aviation courses in high schools are concerned with training for some phase of aviation work."

And the letter goes on to say that in fifteen states there are forty-two evening trade extension courses. A few of the subjects given are aero mechanics, aero drafting, aircraft sheet-metal work, aircraft engines, and aero radio.

As one seventeen-year-old put it, "Heck, we can't get jobs anywhere else, so it'll have to be in aviation."

Only a few of these youngsters care a darn about being bold brave birdmen. Oh, they all want to fly—but not professionally. Their thoughts of lifework turn, wisely, to engineering and design, sales and service and transport operations.

Colleges, too, are alive to the trend. Some hundred and ten of them offer courses that range from ordinary aviation ground school to aviation law. And quite a few have student flying clubs. The annual intercollegiate flying meet is already three years established.

Leaving high schools and colleges, we find four hundred and ninety-eight schools scattered over the country which teach nothing but flying. To these will fall the burden of training about ten thousand pilots before the year is out.

And there is actually a high school in our broad and happy land where *flight instruction* is being given as a part of a regular two-year aviation course!

This breath-taking and inspiring phenomenon is at Teaneck, New Jersey, where four or five years ago a group of boys banded together as the Club for the Study of Aviation Problems. A delegation waited on Major Arthur G. Norwood, one of several commercial pilots who live in the city. Out of the goodness of his heart, Art Norwood agreed to meet with the club on Saturday mornings. It wasn't long before the parents found that their boys were benefiting from an exceedingly good influence. The local parent-teacher association investigated, and then asked Major Norwood if he wouldn't take the boys on to the next step, whatever that might be.

He would—and soon they were flying primary gliders. Flying them with rare success, too.

Next the mothers asked that a ground-school course be given in the high school. The Board of Education acquiesced gladly. Major Norwood outlined a suitable course. And today it is duly approved by the New Jersey Board of Regents. The major became a member of the school faculty.

Next the youngsters wanted a ship. Do I have to go on? Certainly they got one. The parent-teacher association having raised half the price, naturally the board couldn't refuse had it wanted to. So Art Norwood went to Cincinnati to take delivery on a suitable low-power light plane.

In a day or so he flew into town and circled over the high school. When he was sighted, a concerted shout all but raised the roof from the building!

The high-school faculty wisely decided to make the aviation course competitive—to be won by the highest standings in all school activities. About three hundred boys and girls are eligible to start the ground-school course each year. Only forty-odd are chosen.

The cost to the taxpayer? A mere $500 a year for maintenance of the ship, plus the instructor's salary. The kids pay for their own gas and oil, which amounts to around $3 per flying hour, or $1.50 per week. Bargain prices, friends, for upright Americanism these turbulent times!

Safety? I point wordlessly to the all-time high mark set by the Teaneck High School. Their ship has made more than twenty thousand take-offs and landings with factory air still in the tires!

THE END

THE LOVES OF John Barrymore

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME
16 MINUTES
50 SECONDS

And Still They March on Down the Years—The Long Parade of Lovely Ladies in the Life of Our Theater's Most Persistent Playboy

JOHN "CALIBAN" BARRYMORE'S first real romance was a whiz-bang!—for it landed him in the world-scandalizing trial of Harry Thaw for the killing of Stanford White. District Attorney Jerome hoped to demonstrate, by means of young scapegrace Jack, that White had not been the first man in the life of "angel child" Evelyn Nesbit, whom Thaw had since married. Jack (of course!) came late, and the trial had to wait for him. As it turned out, he was of no use to Jerome, because Evelyn's "velvet swing" story blackened White's memory, for the time being, beyond any possibility of convicting Thaw by demoting her from angel-childhood.

That was thirty years ago. Last week Mr. Collins told all about it, and told, on Jack's and Evelyn's own authority, disarming facts anent their very youthful Broadway idyl. He told also how Ella Wheeler Wilcox got sore about the drawings, in the style of gloomy Gustave Doré, with which some artist named Barrymore was illustrating her verse in the New York Journal. The artist was Jack. Brisbane sent him to call on her—and straightway the mature poetess was demanding that the editor let "dear Mr. Barrymore" go right on with his illustrations as long as she went on with her lyrics!

PART TWO—MAUDE ADAMS TO BONNIE MAGINN—AND ON

ONLY recently John Barrymore was reminiscing of the early life of Ethel, Lionel, and himself—a life spent for the most part in his grandmother's house at 140 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia. Here all three of the children of Maurice and Georgie Drew Barrymore were born, and here, since Father Maurice was not the good-provider type, they lived and in due course adolesced.

They even played Camille in the elder Mrs. Drew's back yard, with Ethel as the coughing heroine, elder brother Lionel as Armand, and Jack—aged eight—in the thankless role he plays in the new Garbo film!

Maurice Barrymore's features were the exact prototype of Jack's, except that where the son's face has more than a touch of the poet's fervor, the father's suggested the gladiator. Also like his son, Maurice was a littérateur, a dilettante, a fighter, a free spender, a Spanish grandee, and a stay-out-all-nighter.

His wife, who was the great John Drew's sister, was very patient with him, but there were times when she said to herself, as lovely Dolores Costello was later to say, "My sense of humor is exhausted." One of these was when he returned one Sunday morning from an all-night party, and found her setting off for early Mass.

"Where are you going, Georgie?" he asked.

"To church," she replied. "You can go to hell!"

Apparently her son derives much of his laconic verbal style from this woman of few words. But Maurice could on occasion express himself in the sardonic manner since made famous by Jack. One time in London, where he was playing leads with Modjeska, he heard that the great tragedienne had hinted that she was chiefly responsible for his success. Whereupon Maurice approached her with his courtliest Barrymore bow and said:

"Madam, I have to inform you that I was well known in this town before anybody knew whether you were a woman or a mouthwash."

Jack feels that in most things he is much like his father: "I excel him undeniably in his vices, which were few, and trail panting in the wake of his many virtues. Perhaps I most resemble his notorious and scatter-brained ancestor, the seventh Earl of Barrymore, better known as 'Hellgate,' who had a sister whose language was so volcanic that she was known as 'Billingsgate.' He also had two brothers—one, clubfooted, was called 'Cripplegate,' and the other was known as 'Newgate' because that was the only prison in which he had not served time."

These wild, wild Barrymores were Jack's ancestors on his paternal grandmother's side. His father, whose own name was Blythe, took the Barrymore name so his family need not be ashamed of him when he went on the stage!

Compared with the Blythes and the Barrymores, the

Drews were simple peace-loving people. Grandma Drew was the skippiest of the lot. Her matrimonial career ran through four husbands. Famous Uncle John Drew, "hero of a thousand dress-suit plays," vied with his brother-in-law in verbal picturesqueness, but otherwise conducted himself both on and off in a thoroughly dress-suited manner. His way of always playing John Drew in every part in which he appeared was a continuous annoyance to Maurice.

"It was right after dinner," Jack tells us, "and Ethel, Lionel, and myself were saying our prayers. We had just reached the point where we were saying 'God bless mother, God bless father, God bless grandmother,' when the door opened and father, who had been missing for a few days, put in his head and added:

"'—and please, God, make Uncle John a better actor.'"

But whichever side of the family made Jack what he is, it is certain that he began that way at a very early date. In granting Evelyn Nesbit priority rights in the famous Barrymore affections, we must except certain adolescent episodes. He confesses, for example, to having stolen his grandmother's jewelry, pawned it, and purchased with the proceeds a rosary for a symmetrical Philadelphia lady many years his senior, with whom he fancied himself madly in love. His more mature comment on this incident was, "What strange inroads religion makes into the minds of the young!"

At Mount Pleasant Academy young Barrymore showed increasing signs of knowing just what he wanted in the way of amorous adventure. It was in the ballroom that he won lasting academic fame by dancing with the fattest and the least corseted of the village girls. He was the smallest boy in the school—but Little Jack, as he was called, had a typical explanation of his actions.

"I like to grab a handful of back," he said.

It was after the Evelyn episode, however, when he moved his brush and comb—as befitted a Barrymore—into Helen Windsor's famous Forty-sixth Street theatrical boardinghouse, that the fun really began.

Maude Adams was star boarder when young Jack moved in and, although she was ten years older, immediately became the recipient of the Barrymore homage. Jack, like many another young man of his years, never drew the age line. It is doubtful if Miss Adams, who was just coming into her greatest popularity, treated the youth's romantic ardor at all seriously. She may even have considered it merely part of the general adulation which she received on every side.

Not one wit cast down, the incipient Great Lover turned his attention to the tall and willowy Ida Conquest. Ida, like Maude, had served her time in the coveted role of John Drew's leading woman—preceding Billie Burke and the ebullient Mary Boland. She was one of the outstanding beauties of the period. But she was also too wise a woman—this beautiful, poised, ash-blonde Ida Conquest—to take a boy to raise.

There was another girl at Helen's, a little girl with big brown eyes set far apart and a mass of wavy brown hair that fell low on her forehead in unmanageable curls. She had a figure so petite and so nearly perfect that she was called "the Pocket Venus."

The tiny beauty's real name was Margaret Bird and her stage name was Gladys Wallis; but she had hardly started to write the latter on the honor roll of theatrical fame when she became Mrs. Samuel Insull, wife of the Midwestern master of utilities and patron of the arts, who was, before his more recent sojourn on the Athenian front, public angel number one for every worthy dramatic and musical venture in Chicago.

Little Gladys's defection rocked the theatrical boardinghouse in Forty-sixth Street. Our Jack was one of the most sincere mourners when she decided to give it up for the grandeurs of the huge rose-pink Italian villa on the banks of Lake Michigan.

Naturally, being the kind of girl she was, she did not

Coming down the years toward Jack, perennially young, are five he adored in rapid succession: Maude Adams, Ida Conquest, Gladys Wallis, little Bonnie Maginn, and Alla Nazimova.

Photos Brown Bros. and Albert Davis Collection

forget the old days in Forty-sixth Street. Naturally, too, the Windsorites didn't forget their little Gladys. What could be more natural, therefore, when Jack Barrymore came to Chicago, than that he should look up his old friends, Sam and Gladys, and be seen occasionally in the latter's charming company? The friendship between these two talented people was of the most innocent sort—as a matter of fact, it had been, back in New York—but for that very reason it serves as an example of how securely, even early in his career, the reputation of the Great Lover had fastened itself upon him.

WROTE a Chicago scribe: "The girls have gone as mad over Jack Barrymore as they have for years over his sister Ethel. It is whispered on the Chicago Rialto that he is receiving more than across-the-footlights adoration from the pretty wife of a very wealthy man who is concerned in many theatrical ventures."

The truth is, Jack had no eyes at this time for any married woman, no matter how pretty, for he was busy engaging himself to a beautiful young Chicago society girl, Miss Grace Lane. His friends have never known much about this particular romantic interlude, which, like so many others in his life, was of brief duration.

Back in the Forty-sixth Street days, Jack's adventures were quite as often pecuniary as romantic. He refused to concentrate on earning a living. He appeared out of town as Max with Nance O'Neill in Magda, and was so bad that he was sure he'd be fired. So he went straight from the theater and sent the following explicit telegram to sister Ethel in New York:

FOR CHRISTS SAKE SEND ME FIFTY DOLLARS

The clerk demurred at accepting such a profane message until Jack explained that the word objected to was the name of his manager and that it was really for his sake that he wanted the money!

It was sometimes necessary for Helen Windsor's guests to double up. To effect this economy of space, Jack teamed up with the already humorous but as yet undiscovered P. G. Wodehouse. The pair of them were apparently the problem children of West Forty-sixth Street.

"Their worst trick," confided one Norton, an aged actor who recently drifted into Hollywood, "was stealing my teeth, which were mounted on a gold plate, and hocking them for the price of a good dinner and a bottle of wine. This was more than embarrassing to me, as I could neither read my lines nor eat so long as the teeth were missing."

During these precarious but exciting days, Jack's favorite stunt was soliciting testimonials from distinguished members of the profession for a shaving lotion named Schaeferine. One of his victims was the famous comedian Nat Goodwin, who was one of the elder Barrymore's closest friends. For Maurice's sake, good old Nat sent the shaving people a carefully worded fulsome testimonial. To Maurice's son he telegraphed:

I HAVE USED YOUR SCHAEFERINE STOP MY LAWYER WILL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING STOP

Desperately in need of the five-dollar bills which the shaving-lotion people paid for a really good name, Jack wired Ethel collect for a testimonial—and, as always, Ethel did her best. Her message to the shaving people read: "I received your—I can't remember the darned thing's name, but I think it is the best table water I ever drank."

Ethel was like that—helpful. She never turned a deaf ear to Jack's frequent "Ethel, I'm broke. What do you suppose you'd better do about it?" Years later, when she was reported engaged to a charming but impecunious Englishman, somebody asked her friend, the late Finley Peter (Mr. Dooley) Dunne, how he thought the couple would get along. "Oh, that'll be all right," replied the Archey Road philosopher. "Jack and Lionel will support them on the money Ethel gives Jack and Lionel."

Jack did not scorn to mix business with romance. The dramatic sensation of the moment was a young Russian girl, Alla Nazimova, who had come up from the Bowery to bring all Broadway and a good part of Fifth Avenue to her feet. Barrymore, at home in both métiers, was among her most persistent admirers.

One night in her dressing room the young man grew eloquently ardent, even for him. Alla, he insisted, was not only the greatest living exponent of Ibsen roles but the most fascinating and most beautiful of living women. Then, while the Russian beauty was regarding herself in her mirror with new interest, he dropped his handsome eyes and sighed deeply.

"Why do you sigh?" asked madame, applying an added touch of blue to her eyelid.

"When you wear that blue-and-white make-up," he said, "you remind me of a poor consumptive orphan boy I am trying to help. Alla dear, you could do him a great service if I dared ask you."

KINDHEARTED Nazimova was all attention.

"It's like this—do you wear Never-Split Linings?"

"Wh-wh-what?"

"Never-Split Linings—greatest thing in the world to make your skirts hang like Paquin's. The Duchess of Marlborough has endorsed them. So have Mrs. Astor and Elinor Glyn. Great goods, Alla, great goods!"

"But the poor consumptive boy?" she faltered.

"Well, you see, he gets a commission for every endorsement he secures. For one from a great artist and beautiful woman like yourself he might get ten dollars. And ten dollars means a lot to this poor little boy."

Deeply moved, Nazimova affixed her signature to a glowing testimonial.

"And what is the poor boy's name?" she asked.

Jack examined the paper carefully, folded it neatly, and pocketed it. Then he helped himself to one of her gold-tipped perfumed cigarettes.

"His name, my dear Alla, is Barrymore."

But even the lane called Broadway has its turning. In 1905 came the engagement with Collier in The Dictator which gave Jack steady employment for many months and took him to both Australia and England.

First, however, it took him to San Francisco just in time to take in the earthquake. He was sleeping, as was

SEE THE SIGNED O. K. CERTIFICATE WITH YOUR FORTUNE SHOES

Smart – New – Correct For Fall

Five experts say, "This handsome Rugby Buck, wing tip brogue is *right* for this Fall"—in Style, Leather, Fit, Finish, Value! And they confirm it in writing—their signatures are on the O. K. certificate that accompanies every pair.

FORTUNE
Style+Stamina SHOES

RICHLAND SHOE COMPANY
DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

his frequent wont in those days, in his evening clothes and in the apartment of a friend, when he was thrown heavily to the floor. Trying to escape, he wandered into the bathroom. Hours later, troopers from the Presidio found him continuing his slumber in the tub, and promptly commandeered him to help clear away the wreckage. This was the incident which inspired Uncle John Drew's immortal line, " It took a convulsion of nature to get him into a bathtub and the United States army to make him work."

Passing through Union Park, our brave young knight spied a damsel seemingly in distress. Lightly clad, she was sitting on the largest of about seventeen trunks.

" Aren't you cold? " he asked her. " Can't I get you something warming? "

Shivering, the damsel allowed that it might be a good idea. So Jack went up to the Bohemian Club, fortified himself thoroughly against come-what-may, and then carried back a glass of brandy to the lady in the park. He learned afterward that he had been playing Ganymede to Mme. Frances Alda of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

On his way out of the park he passed Willie Collier, whose greeting was characteristic: " Go West, young man, and blow up with the country! "

OUTSIDE the Palace Hotel he saw Caruso sitting in a van with his trunks, and ran into Diamond Jim Brady, who seemed much amused at his being in dress clothes. It was Brady who went back to Broadway and told about Jack Barrymore's having " dressed for the earthquake."

" A great deal of my reputation for eccentricity," Jack says, " had, I think, its origin in that incident. Until I talked to Brady, it had not occurred to me that I was oddly dressed for the occasion. I don't know, though, what one should wear at an earthquake."

In London, Gerald Du Maurier, who had been crazy about Ethel when she was there, transferred part of his affection to brother Jack. The two men became pals; and inasmuch as Gerald was now deeply in love with Gladys Cooper, Barrymore saw much of that charming creature, who is still queen of the London stage. Whether there was ever anything romantic between Gladys and Jack, only they know; but she recalls rather wryly that she " lent " him her pet monkey, Iris:

" He begged me to let him have Iris for a little while, promising faithfully that I should have her back again. But I have never seen her since, except in his film, The Sea Beast, and on a picture post card of him and her signed 'With love from Iris and J. B.' " Then, once more, we perceive the effect of " that damned charm " of his. " However," added Gladys, " he is a nice man, so I forgive him."

When J. B. finally left London—according to the staid British press—" countesses, even duchesses, shed gallons of tears." Most of this foreign

An Old Thrill Hunter Gets a New Thrill

By Rex Beach, *Author of "The Barrier" etc.*

I'M a thrill hunter. I like excitement and I've explored several frontiers looking for it. The other day I got a real kick out of exploring a factory! In Boston!

This was the Gillette factory where precision is raised to the nth degree. I beheld efficiency perfected. I saw machines too complicated for the average man to understand—machines which performed operations too intricate, too painstaking for human hands to attempt. Every hour in the day, miracles, both visible and invisible, are wrought by these mechanical wizards.

A human hair is only 3/1000 of an inch thick, yet I saw ribbons of the best razor steel in the world—miles of such ribbons—every foot rolled to such a precision that a variation of *one-tenth of a hair's breadth* caused it to be immediately rejected.

Electrical robots, swifter and more cunning than human beings, govern the tempering of the blade steel. Almost instantaneously, these sensitive devices regulate the heat of the furnaces to the fraction of a degree. The hardness of the finished steel is tested with diamond pointed punches, and the punch marks are microscopically gauged to guarantee absolute uniformity. An X-ray eye looks through the metal itself with a vision so clear that a change in its structure due to mere bending can be detected.

The most extraordinary piece of equipment is a photo-electric device which makes it possible to measure the sharpness of a razor blade, although the cutting edge is barely 1/80,000th of an inch thick! Gillette engineers invented this device; there is no other in existence and it is in constant use to check the efficiency of the grinding, honing and stropping machines.

In the sharpening process, the same exquisite refinement of technique is employed and finally every finished blade is inspected and tested before it goes out.

Even in the packing, each blade is ingeniously fastened inside its moisture proof envelope so that its super-keen edges cannot be dulled by touching the paper before it reaches a user's hands.

Upon leaving the Gillette factory I was convinced that I had beheld a miracle of scientific accomplishment. This morning when I opened a new package of Gillette Blades I realized that these are truly the Blue Bloods among razor blades—the finest that modern science can produce.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

I BANISH BELCHING
Correct the causes of chronic stomach trouble. NYAL ANTACID POWDER does away with gas, heartburn, acid indigestion—forerunners of hard-to-cure Dyspepsia. You'll like the minty flavor. Sold only at NYAL Drug Stores.
NYAL
ANTACID
powder
NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE
WORTH LOOKING FOR

ADVERTISERS: Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America.

WELL-TOP
15¢
WELL TOP
Waterman's
INK
BLUE BLACK
Look Again!
What keeps the ink at the top . . . always easy to get? That's our little secret . . . and one which makes the new "WELL-TOP" bottle perfect for fountain pen filling. A turn of the wrist fills the extra large neck with the world's finest writing ink . . . even to the last drop in the bottle!
Six colors—permanent and washable
Waterman's
PENS • PENCILS • INKS

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY
SUPER SENSITIVE
RADIO
COMPARE THESE PRICES TUBE FOR TUBE, FEATURE FOR FEATURE, WITH ANY RADIO ON THE MARKET
*AUTO-EXPRESSIONATOR
Brings back the expression necessarily taken out in the studio in transmitting the program.
*MYSTIC HAND
(A. F. C.) Automatically tunes set sharply without use of meter tuning or other gadget.
MAGNA CERAMIC DIAL
†VIBRACOUSTIC SOUNDING BOARD
⊙METAL TUBES
and 8 other CROSLEY FEATURES
*★J†⊙ 15 TUBES $167.50 44" Console
*★J†⊙ 13 TUBES $137.50 43½" Console
*★J†⊙ 11 TUBES $99.95 41½" Console
* J†⊙ 9 TUBES $89.95 41½" Console
J†⊙ 7 TUBES $59.95 40" Console
J†⊙ 6 TUBES $49.95 39" Console
Prices slightly higher in Rocky Mountain States and west.
CROSLEY stands, always, as a warranty of the highest value in radio. It is only natural that the 1937 models are Crosley's greatest achievements. Beautiful . . . as near perfection as science can attain . . . and priced for you who demand the best at prices you're pleased to pay. See your Crosley dealer today . . . you will hear radio you've never heard before.
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Cincinnati, Ohio Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.

success was social rather than professional. The same situation prevailed at home. But after brief engagements in his sister's companies, Mort Singer, an astute producer, offered him a part in A Stubborn Cinderella, a musical comedy.

"How would a hundred and fifty do?" said Mort.

Barrymore, who had never received more than fifty dollars a week, looked at him blankly.

"Make it one seventy-five, then!" Mort amended.

This colloquy occurred in Atlantic City. Barrymore could hardly contain himself on the way to the hotel to sign a contract. That evening he went up to New York, got his dress suit out of hock, and kept a supper date with Bonnie Maginn, the People's Choice.

Bonnie was Weber and Fields's most glorified beauty. The famous old Music Hall was then at the apex. Its company included, besides Joe Weber and Lew Fields, David Warfield, Willie Collier, Pete Dailey, and the becorseted Lillian Russell. But none of these received a heartier welcome from the rows out front than chubby little Bonnie.

Like Flo Ziegfeld's Lilian Lorraine of later era, Bonnie Maginn was never a principal but always a star. Symmetrically speaking, she couldn't hold a torch to Frankie Bailey, whose chief attraction—her "Frankie Baileys"—gave to the English language a new synonym for legs. But Bonnie had that in the warm Irish heart of hers which drew men to her.

Barrymore's courtship of her was, on the surface at least, hugely successful. There existed between them that camaraderie which Evelyn Nesbit insisted was the binding tie between her and Jack; but in Bonnie's case it seemed much more genuine. Broadway credited the breaking up of the Barrymore-Maginn romance to Miss Vivian Blackburn, a young woman who suddenly—thanks to her famous fencing costume—became the cigarette-picture girl par excellence.

However, young Jack's devotion to the shapely Miss Blackburn—remember her with that red heart on a white blouse?—was most ephemeral. To this day, a great many Broadwayites feel that he was not a little broken up when Bonnie Maginn married Henry Gassaway Davis—later a candidate for Vice-President of the United States—and disappeared from the Broadway scene.

But Jack was in the money now. He could pick and choose among the beauties of Broadway. And he did!

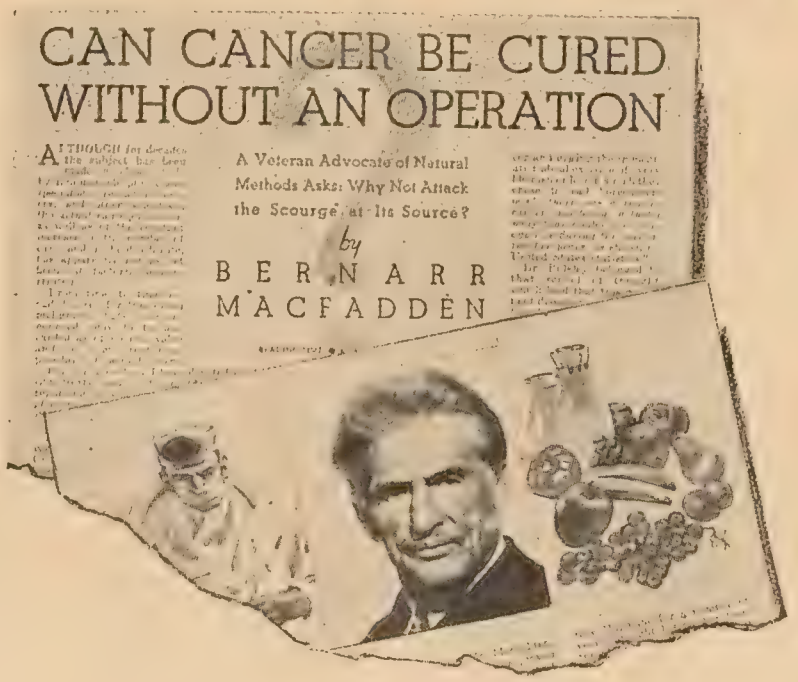
Just watch the third division of the Barrymore beauty parade go by next week! There'll be, among plenty of others: lovely Lotta Faust—but she wanted Jack to go back to his studio; exuberant Elsie Janis—but "Ma" Janis broke that romance up; Irene Fenwick—but Irene married brother Lionel instead; Hazel Allen and Sally Fisher and—fatefully if not finally—Katherine Harris!

Is Diet The Way?

Some Revealing Letters Evoked by Bernarr Macfadden's Article on Right Living and Eating as a Weapon against the Greatest Scourge of Modern Times

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS


CAN CANCER BE CURED WITHOUT AN OPERATION
A Veteran Advocate of Natural Methods Asks: Why Not Attack the Scourge at Its Source?
by
BERNARR MACFADDEN

The article to which so many eager readers still respond.

IN Liberty of March 21, Bernarr Macfadden wrote an article titled: Can Cancer Be Cured Without an Operation? He stated that he believed this malignant disease to be "a *constitutional* condition due to an impure blood stream and a toxic condition of the body"; that the development of cancerous growth was the result of this condition; and "that improper living habits, especially as regards eating, exercise, cleanliness, and elimination, are productive of the causative toxemias and impure blood streams."

"In my opinion," he said, "the raw-milk-and-raw-fruit diet has proved of the greatest value in numbers of cancer cases and is today used by many doctors to good advantage. . . . The exclusive grape diet has been recommended for years. . . . *If the body can be kept free from toxic poisoning cancer will not be apt to develop.*"

Ever since that article was published, thousands upon thousands of letters have been pouring in. Even now, six months later, there is a steady stream of them. All parts of the United States and Canada are represented.

Here's one from a woman in Saugus, Massachusetts: "I am just home from the hospital. Had my left breast removed. The doctor gave me no special diet. Would it be possible for me to get the course of diet given patients with cancer? Would like to try it very much."

"A dear relative of mine, a woman of forty-eight, has been suffering from this dreadful disease for over four and a half years," writes a man living in the Bronx, New York City. "She has had her right breast removed and two ribs cut out. About two years later her appendix was found to be diseased and had to be removed, and a month later the left breast had to be removed. Radium treatments were continued until recently. She now suffers pain in all parts of her body. Her diet is not very strict. I would appreciate it greatly if you could give me a weekly sample menu for her."

A citizen of Winnipeg writes: "The doctors have given my mother-in-law only a few months to live. They're probably correct if they continue to feed her the way they have since the operation—heavy rolled-oat porridge for breakfast, half-cooked non-fresh bony fish for lunch, and the like for dinner. . . . She has three children under sixteen who worship her, as does my wife."

"My mother is afflicted with cancer, and the doctor told me it is hopeless"—this in a letter from Chesterfield, Missouri. "However, you cited a similar incident in your article, stating that a strictly raw milk and raw fruit diet so greatly improved the condition of your patient that she lived for three and a half years after the doctor had given her two weeks. I thought possibly something along the lines you mentioned, regarding diet, would help to keep her with us somewhat longer and without great pain. She is only forty-five."

A desperate and brave cancer sufferer who has endured operations and at least thirty-four X-ray treatments writes: "If I can still add a few years to my life by dieting, then it is worth trying. I am a widow of forty, have two daughters, seventeen and eighteen, whom I have tried to raise to meet life and care for themselves. I have worked nine years to support us, but now I am in bed most of the time, so the county cares for us, and although they only allow us $1.50 a week for our groceries, I am sure if I was on the diet they would willingly give more money as medical treatment."

"Wouldn't you like to know what a lone woman did on grapes for many weeks?" asks a Monroe, Wisconsin, housewife. "I am fifty-seven and am now doing all my own housework. I have had your Physical Culture magazines since 1921, so you see who my doctor has been."

"I was given up by doctors here in this city"—Chancellor, Virginia—"a few months back but am now in good condition after taking raw carrot juice by the quart and dieting otherwise," another woman declares.

A business man in Puyallup, Washington, attributes his cure "to raw milk, honey in place of sugar, and bananas, very ripe," on which he dieted for almost a year.

"For a layman," Dr. Thomas I. Janes of San Francisco says, "you seem to be thoroughly conversant with the subject of cancer. There is more truth in your article than most medical men will acknowledge. When you state that cancer is a constitutional disease, you certainly speak the truth, as I have proven many times in my years of experience. The diet you speak of is along our lines of treatment. We have discovered an enzyme which has produced very beneficial results."

"I have treated cancer for the past thirty years by surgery, plasters, injections, diet, and drugs, and finally by the magneto-vibratory wave and a selected diet to fit the patient. The last method has given me by far the best results." That is the statement of Samuel King, A. B., M. D., of Warren, Pennsylvania.

And this is from a letter from Dr. Francis A. Cave of Saint Petersburg, Florida: "Such articles should be continuously broadcast in an effort to offset the insidious and lying propaganda of orthodox medicine and surgery to the effect that nothing else except surgery, X rays, and radium must ever be utilized in the treatment of this terrible scourge which is decimating our nation. . . . No other man in the world today occupies a position of such potential service to humanity as your own good self, and this letter is an appeal to you to carry on with the work you have now started, and place before the American public the real truths about cancer.

"I believe that your really *great* service still lies ahead of you."

THE END

IN THE PRESENCE OF The Enem

Twice He Had to Win the Cross—A Searching Story of Courage on Two Widely Different Battlefronts

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

THERE, Lena! Dang your shiverin' tin hide, you can coast home from here." Panamint Parker brought his wheezing Model T to a standstill at the top of Cochise Grade.

Dawn had not yet reached the floor of the desert basin where Panamint's little adobe squatted at the foot of the grade. The old man's gaze followed the little-traveled ribbon of road that sloped steeply down from the nose of his car to the door of his dwelling. He squinted approvingly at his adobe home, his eyes twinkling at sight of the smoke haze rising from the chimney.

"Bob's up a'ready," he chuckled. "Reckon he's plumb anxious to get hisself draped in these new gyarments he sent me to town for."

Good-natured incomprehension was in the wag of his grizzled head as his mind dwelt on his younger partner. Queer cuss, Bob Conroy. Tight-mouthed. It was two years now since Panamint had found him lying half-dead in the desert, with a row of holes blasted plumb through his gizzard. And in all that time, never a peep about how come he was there, or who had done the ventilating. Panamint was not one to pry into a friend's past, and Conroy was his friend. Still, he couldn't help puzzling over certain things.

For instance, why had Bob stuck here in the sagebrush for two years, without making a single trip to town? Why had he watched the highway so closely that first year, as if expecting trouble to come riding down it? Why had he sent out for that high-power army rifle, when Panamint's old Winchester was plenty skookum for any game to be found in the desert? And why, after reading that letter with the queer address, had he suddenly become so dead set on getting this outfit of fancy clothes?

That letter, addressed to "Sgt. Robert Conroy," had certainly pepped Bob up. Right off, he'd sent Panamint to town for the clothes. "Be sure you get back with them by tomorrow afternoon, old sand-eater," he had said. "Better bring an extra lot of gasoline, too. We're going to have a week-end visitor, and I might want to do some buzzing around."

It was the first time Panamint had ever seen him gay and excited. With some men that would have meant a woman. But men like Bob didn't bring pain to the women they loved, if they could help it. Were there any such woman in Bob's life, he'd be hell-bent to keep her from seeing him—now. Or ever, unless the healing air of this old desert worked a miracle on his shattered lungs.

Panamint released the brake on the palpitating Lena. The old car went careening down the grade.

Inside the old adobe, Bob Conroy sat polishing the already speckless surface of an army Springfield. A fighting man, this Conroy; but beset, now, by a foe against whom neither lead, nor steel, nor courage would avail. He would soon need all the strength he could muster—not for combat, but that he might bear himself like a man under the eyes of the one person before whom he was most reluctant to exhibit weakness. Yesterday, buoyed up by anticipation, that had seemed easy enough. But in the night had come another paroxysm of coughing. He was still weak from it.

Panamint should be along soon now, he thought, cocking a listening ear for Lena's exhaust. But the desert was silent except for the clucking of the hens out back. When that suddenly changed to a chorus of terrified squawks, he came to his feet, slid a cartridge into the Springfield's chamber, and was at the door with poised rifle. A coyote darted across the highway, a limp hen in his jaws. Conroy whipped the Springfield into line with a snap and accuracy known only to the expert rifleman. For a moment his body tensed. Then, reluctantly, he lowered the weapon. "You devilish old thief!" he muttered half admiringly. "How could you know that I wouldn't dare pull trigger on you—today?"

Yesterday he'd have shot that gray marauder—daring the consequences. But yesterday he'd had no keen desire to prolong his life. A letter—an echo out of the past—had changed all that. Today he must take no chances.

He knew only too well the danger he would be courting should he fire even a single shot from the high-powered Springfield. Had known since a week ago, when the jar of the rifle's recoil had sent a knife-sharp pain through his chest, and brought on a racking seizure. He had a hunch the next spasm like that would come with his number on it. The coyote slid from sight, and Conroy turned back inside to stand the rifle in its rack at the foot of his army cot. A Navaho blanket covered the cot, and upon it his stained Gladstone lay open. In one of the corners of the bag was a small satinwood box. Conroy flipped up its hinged cover.

"It is!" Searle exclaimed as they bent above it. "It's the Big Shot himself!"

by

LARRY O'CONNER

The second killer was crouched by the adobe, the sun flickering on his derby as he twisted this way and that to discover the source of the attack.

Against its cloth lining varicolored bits of ribbon and metal were pinned.

Trinkets. The kind of trinkets governments bestow on fighting men. Slightingly, with a long forefinger, Conroy ticked them off until he came to a pair placed a little apart from the rest. He unpinned those two and held them off. His set lips softened a little as he regarded the bronze Maltese cross and simple scroll of the one; but it was on the other medallion that his eyes came to rest with a gleam of pride. He had worked for it, had won it in the face of grueling competition.

Remembering, his drooping shoulders squared. For a moment he was again Sergeant Conroy of His Majesty's Greys, standing before his regiment while the colonel's hands affixed that ribbon to his blouse.

A clattering roar jerked him up with a start. Panamint—outside! Not even for a new pair of lungs would Bob Conroy have been caught mooning over his wartime decorations. Hurriedly he tossed the medals at the open Gladstone, and closed the bag. In his haste he failed to note that the two had overshot the mark and landed on the Navaho blanket covering the cot.

Panamint came stamping in, loaded with bags and bundles. "Hi, Bob!" he greeted. "Here we be, with your outfit. Climb into it, son."

Ten minutes later Conroy clicked his heels and saluted. "Think I'll pass inspection, oldtimer?"

Panamint eyed critically the slim soldierly figure that seemed to have taken on added height and vitality in the well fitting white flannels. "Boy," he chuckled approvingly, "reckon not even a choosy grass widow could pick a flaw in that layout."

Conroy laughed. "I'll be facing a more critical eye than that this afternoon. My old brigade commander is coming out here to see me."

"Reckon it means a lot to you, Bob—havin' him come out here."

Conroy nodded. "I followed the colonel through three years of hell. To me he'll always be pretty nearly a god. But—I'm nervous, Panamint. I'm a pretty good husk of a man, and—I wouldn't want him to be disappointed in me."

"I reckon he ain't the kind that would blame a man for a sick pair of lungs, son."

"It's not that. He knows I swallowed a lot too much gas. He'll understand about my—physical weakness. But there are some other things he might not find it easy to excuse."

"I don't reckon you committed a murder," said Panamint dryly, "or anything like that."

"No." Conroy smiled faintly. "After the war my dickey lungs weren't up to hard labor. Jobs went to men whose brains and bodies hadn't been crocked up. So I jumped at a chance to work my way across on a freighter to Montreal. Since then I've—muddled through. But no—Scotland Yard doesn't want me."

Panamint changed the subject. "Speakin' of crime—the town's all excited over a kidnaping in our peaceful midst. Nabbed the Lundmeyer youngster—son of that rich lumberman. If our radio had been workin' you'd have heard how they later murdered the attendant at a filling station between Daggett and Barstow. And how their car—a big green sedan—went through Barstow like a bat out of hell, headin' toward Mojave. Some say there was three men in it, others claim four."

Panamint was burrowing into one of the bags. "Got some new radio tubes here," he muttered. The radio began to hum as he fitted the tubes into place. "That was yestiddy morning. Since then the whole desert country's been b'ilin' with sheriffs an' G-men."

The radio blared suddenly into speech:

". . . the kidnap car. It is now believed the green sedan must have left the Mojave road and doubled east past Black Water Wells, seeking to cross the desert and enter either Nevada or Arizona. All ferries and bridges are under stringent guard, and at least five hundred men are now combing the trails and highways for the kidnapers of Milton Lundmeyer, Third. G-man Graham Searle, directing the search, today told reporters he is positive this outrage is the work of Public Enemy Number One, Gyp Girotti. The makers of Gooch's Hair Restorer—"

Panamint snapped off the radio and whirled on Conroy. "By golly, that gang might cut across—" He broke off at sight of Conroy's face, suddenly gone gray and drawn. "What's wrong, pardner? You look like—"

"I'm all right." Conroy's voice was flat, mechanical. "I—Panamint, you'll have to drive me into town—at once—soon as you've had some breakfast."

"Why, sure—if you want, Bob. But ain't you forgetting the colonel? You'll miss—"

"I'm not forgetting." Conroy's repressed voice was more eloquent of pain than if he had screamed. "But this is about Girotti. I can help to catch him."

"*You?*"

"Yes. I was one of Girotti's mob. I helped them rob that bank in San Berdoo, two years ago."

"Now, hold on, Bob. There's never been no call for you to talk unless you wanted to; and, so far's I'm concerned, there still ain't. *Sabe?*"

"Thanks, old chap. But—it's time I cleared up a few things for you.

"I was half-starved and desperate when I met Gyp Girotti in Toronto, ten years ago. Girotti had need of a man who could shoot, drive a car, and keep his mouth shut. For a year I piloted his liquor trucks across the border; and when he muscled into the beer racket in Chicago he took me with him as driver of his private car.

"I drove as he ordered, asking no questions. After repeal, we took the Cadillac and two of his lieutenants and came to California—for a pleasure trip only. But Girotti soon framed a deal for looting that San Bernardino bank.

"I WAS against that business. Up to then, Girotti had never taken a personal hand in the real rough stuff, and as his guard and chauffeur I'd kept out of it, too. But he explained that there'd be no occasion to get rough on the San Berdoo job. The cashier of the bank, who would be alone behind the grille, was in on the play for a cut of the swag; so there'd be no resistance, and no alarm turned in while the stick-up was in progress. They'd pull the act with a rented car, and get out with a five-minute start on any organized pursuit. My part was merely to wait for them outside Beaumont, where they'd switch to the Cadillac for a getaway.

"I went through with it because I had to or put myself on the spot. Girotti's plan worked smoothly. We doubled like a rabbit to the north and east, and that night we were holed up at a desert inn where they hadn't even heard of the stick-up. Then, for the first time, I learned they'd finished the San Berdoo job by killing the crooked cashier. 'So now,' explained Girotti, 'we keep his cut of the jack, and he keeps his mouth shut.'

"It was always Girotti's policy to kill any man who knew too much. But that was a bit too thick for me. I slipped away from the inn that night and started across the desert on foot. I knew any one of that three would have burned me down without blinking, had they caught me running out on them. But Girotti had helped me once when I was down. I'd taken his pay, and I couldn't double-cross him and leave him stranded there.

"So that's why I left them the Cadillac and went afoot on an old trail that seemed impassable for a motorcar. Since their own safety lay in pushing quickly on to their familiar haunts around Chicago, I didn't think they'd waste time hunting me down. But I was wrong.

"Just after sunrise they came roaring up behind me, and Monk Costello cut me down with the tommy. They left me there in the desert, and you found me. You know the rest. You see, I'd overlooked Girotti's predilection for murder as a silencer of awkward witnesses. That's why he killed that cashier. That's why he risked his own neck to hunt me down. Doubtless that's why he killed that filling-station man yesterday. And that's why he will kill young Lundmeyer—when he has no further use for the boy alive. The only way to stop that is to take Girotti before he gets the ransom money.

"And he's a tricky devil, Panamint. He'll slip through the net of the law here, and he'll take the boy with him—back to the heart of his web in Chicago. That's where I come in. I know his setup there, know all the places where he can hole up. So, you see—I've got to tell the sheriff what I know."

Panamint nodded. "Yeah. But they can give you a life sentence, Bob."

"Sure. But it's a job I've got to do."

"I reckon you have," Panamint agreed reluctantly. "I'll get myself a bite of breakfast, and then we'll shove off." He busied himself at the stove.

Conroy stared out through the open door at a sweep of clean blue sky. His eyes were those of a man who looks on freedom for the last time.

"I think I'll prowl up the ridge while you eat, old chap." Conroy held his voice to studied carelessness. "Take on a bit of air and sun and what not." Through force of habit he had tucked the rifle under his arm.

Panamint's voice halted him at the door: "Whoa, young feller! Better take some cattridges for that cannon, if you expect to make any use of it."

Conroy turned back and plucked six cartridges from an open box. No need to worry Panamint by saying he'd never dare to fire them. "I'll be up on the ridge where I can keep an eye on the house," he said. "Just step outside and wave when you're ready."

Panamint watched the figure in white cross the road and start up the ridge. Shaking his head, he turned back to put the coffee on to boil and to beat up batter for his flapjacks. He was tossing his third flapjack when a muffled thump caused him to whirl toward the open doorway. Though he had heard no sound of gears or exhaust, he could see the dusty rear end of a car drawn up beside the road. In the doorway stood two men in city garb. They kept their right hands out of sight near their left armpits. Their eyes were on Panamint.

The old man took one look at the flaring pupils, and knew the men for killers. The larger one spoke: "You must have gas here, Santa Claus. Get us ten gallons of it—and move fast."

"Sure," Panamint agreed. "I've got plenty in them five-gallon cans on the back seat of my Ford."

As Panamint stepped out of the door, the two men silently ranged themselves beside him. He had guessed, even before he recognized the green sedan under its gray coating of dust, that he was in the hands of the Girotti mob. As much at their mercy as was the kidnaped boy, who must be hidden somewhere inside the car.

Two men were guarding him, two more were in the auto. One small, with a simian face under a plaid golfing cap; the other dark, pudgy, with flabby jowls. That one would be Girotti—who killed any man that might be a witness against him. As the old man's eyes swept the four, he knew his own life span was measured by the time it would take him to transfer two cans of gas to the tank of the green sedan.

His only hope lay in some way signaling his plight to Conroy without arousing Girotti's suspicions. He slowed his movements, sparring for time. The man on his right crowded closer, the cold muzzle of an automatic peeping from under his coat.

"*Move,* grandpa!" he snarled.

UP on the ridge, his rifle nested in a mesquite fork, Bob Conroy lay. Presently he heard the blurred exhaust of a racing engine coming from the direction of Cochise Grade. The rhythm faltered, broke. All sound of the motor ceased.

Conroy shrugged, thinking how lucky some motorist was, having only to coast down the grade and refill his empty tank from the tins of gas on the back seat of Panamint's Ford. Lifting himself on an elbow, he looked down at the house to verify his deduction.

He saw a big sedan, gray with dust, and Panamint coming toward it, lugging two cans of gas. A large man in a gray suit and soft hat, and a smaller man in a dark suit and derby, walked on either side of the old man. Panamint set the cans down at the rear of the sedan, and then, as if to relieve his cramped muscles, faced the ridge where Conroy lay and slowly lifted his arms. Holding his open hands at full stretch above his head for a moment, he swung them down in a sharp chopping arc to his sides.

To a stranger, that gesture would have looked natural; but not to Conroy, who for two years had seen Panamint always stretch by doubling up his fists and shooting them straight out from his shoulders.

Puzzled, he focused his eyes on the scene below. But Panamint was now pouring gas into the sedan's tank.

When he had finished, he straightened and turned to face the two men who were lounging against the adobe. Simultaneously the two took one step forward and stopped in a queer half-crouch.

There was that in their posture which brought Conroy to his knees, snatching at the Springfield. He jerked the rifle toward him, while his eyes held fast to the tableau beside the road.

He saw Panamint's form jerk, fold at the waist, and slowly crumple forward. He knew why, even before the crashing reports of the two automatics carried to his ears. He had seen men shot through the middle before.

Too late, he had recognized those gangsters of the Girotti mob. Too late to save Panamint, but he'd make them pay. Two in sight; one more, at least, in the sedan —two more perhaps. He wondered grimly if he could last to fire four shots in succession.

Before Panamint's body had completed its fall, Conroy was sprawled in a prone position, rifle forward.

Below, the big man started walking toward Panamint's still figure, sunlight glinting on the weapon in his hand. Conroy lined his sights on the center of that moving speck. Gently, unhurriedly, his trigger hand began the squeeze. The big man, standing almost over Panamint, was again lifting his automatic when Conroy's fingers completed their squeeze and the Springfield surged back against his shoulder. The big man jerked stiffly erect, tossed his arms, and pitched to earth.

THE second killer was crouched by the adobe, the sun flickering on his derby as he twisted this way and that to discover the source of the attack. Conroy squeezed off another shot.

The man in the derby wilted, as if his legs had suddenly dissolved. But the jar of that second shot was like a lance through Conroy's chest.

The sedan's motor roared into life, and the car lurched forward. Conroy hadn't counted on that, but there was a way to stop it. Grimly, teeth clenched against the pain, he sent two quick shots ripping through the hood of the machine. The exhaust died abruptly; the car stood still. Out of it erupted a dwarfish man with a golf cap on his head, a submachine gun in his arms.

"Monk Costello," gasped Conroy. Then his head swam and the world turned black, as he fought to fill his pain-racked lungs. Paying no heed to the excited chatter of Costello's machine gun, spraying bullets that struck far down the slope, he concentrated on his fight for air. Little by little, he won.

When he was able to look down again, only Costello's head and the blued barrel of the Thompson were visible above the hood of the sedan.

Costello, guided by the spurts of sand, had elevated the muzzle of his weapon. A ricochet droned past Conroy's ear; a burst went *thrr-up-p-p* in the mesquite twenty feet below and to his right.

Conroy's hands were shaking from the hammer of his pulse. The Springfield's front sight wavered all around the spitting muzzle of the machine gun and the golf cap above it, but it was on the target at the instant of fire. The barrel of the machine gun described a glittering arc, and Monk Costello slumped from sight behind the sedan.

The pudgy slack-jowled man slid out on the sheltered side of the stalled car and edged cautiously toward the rear. Keeping in cover, he reached around, unlocked a big trunk on the baggage rack, and pushed up the lid. Then he leaped up and clawed inside the trunk to drag forth the limp form of a little boy, which he instantly interposed as a shield between his own bulky body and the ridge. He might have spared himself that precaution, for the rifleman on the ridge had not seen him. Bob Conroy was slumped face down on his crossed arms, his whole upper body racked by convulsions.

The pudgy man reached the Ford, tossed the boy in on top of the gas cans in the back seat. When he jammed his foot down for the starter and found none, he cursed and tumbled out to begin a frenzied twisting of the crank. At the fourth attempt the engine started; then died.

Conroy's vision was blurred, but he no longer trembled. His brain felt dead except for a dim trancelike sense of satisfaction. No jail-cell finish now; no need to leave the desert. Now he could face the colonel as a soldier should, for he had finished the Girotti job. Wiped out Girotti's killers.

But now—quiet; a little rest until his strength came

For that uncertain feeling—

Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM . . . is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECHIES . . . another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM . . . candy coating protects a pleasing flavor . . . and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

ORALGENE—Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise . . . and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT . . . especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

back. Strength to go down and take care of Panamint and the kid hidden somewhere in the sedan. After that—the colonel would come . . . and Sergeant Conroy could report . . . "Objective carried . . . as ordered, sir."

Slowly his vision cleared, and he could make out the figure of a man weaving at the crank of the Ford. He saw the huddled form of the child on top of the gas cans. He could not rest yet. His objective was not yet carried.

By superhuman effort he got the rifle to his shoulder and swung it into line, but his nerveless fingers could not find strength to squeeze the trigger. He heard the Ford sputter briefly, and stop. Silently, desperately, he willed a few more ounces of power to the grip of his right hand. "Just one more shot," he prayed. "Please, God—just one."

THE sun rode high over Cochise Grade when Graham Searle—ace G-man, ex-army aviator—brought his big gray car to a skidding stop in front of the adobe. Eyes on the closed door of the house, he addressed the three armed deputies in the car's tonneau. "Wilson—Carter—guard that door, but don't get in front of it. That's Girotti's sedan, and this looks like his work; but I smell something screwy. You, Manning, circle the house, and if there's another exit, cover it."

Searle's eyes flicked over the empty sedan and the three bodies sprawled around it. "No customers there for you, doctor," he said grimly to the gray-haired little physician who, bag in hand, had alighted beside him. "But I suppose we should examine the deceased."

A big man lay face upward, a smaller man face down, at the rear of the sedan. A third figure was huddled under the front wheels. Searle named the three: "Butch O'Donnell, Trigger Fozard, Monk Costello—Girotti's three aces. But—where's Girotti?"

"Over there, maybe." Dr. Priest jerked his head toward another huddle of clothing in front of the Ford.

"It is!" Searle exclaimed as they bent above it. "It's the Big Shot himself! Washed up—the whole Girotti mob," he added incredulously. "But who did it?"

"A lone man, shooting from a quarter mile or more up that ridge," the doctor replied. "The wounds all range sharply downward, were all inflicted by bullets of identical caliber. Therefore, since few marksmen—"

He was interrupted by a shout from Manning, who had been circling the house. "Here's another one!"

They found Panamint stretched out in the shade of the adobe. Two grooves in the sand showed where his boots had trailed as he was dragged there from the highway. Searle frowned at those furrows and the wavering line of heel marks beside them. "Whoever brought this man here was nearly all in himself, doctor."

The doctor grunted. His attention was now centered on Panamint, in whom he had found a flicker of life.

One of the deputies came up from examining the gangster sedan. "They had the kid in that trunk, chief," he said. "But he's gone now. There's no fresh tire tracks leaving the place, so I figure whoever has the boy must be holed up in the house. Do we go in?"

It was Dr. Priest who answered. "We *must* go in." Bag in hand, he started for the door.

Searle caught him by the shoulder. "Wait a minute!"

"Can't wait!" the doctor snapped. "The old man will live if we get him into the house where I can heat water and do a decent job of patching."

Braced for a blast of gunfire, Searle hurled back the adobe's door. Dead silence greeted them. Searle saw a very small boy, his chubby fingers gripping the barrel of an army rifle much too heavy for him to lift.

"I'm a sergeant on guard!" he announced in a truculent treble. "You better halt and say who you are."

Searle sauntered forward, grinning. "Hello, Milton. We've come to take you home to your papa."

"Gee, then you must be the sheriff! *He* said you'd come. He said I must stay inside, and keep the door shut, and just wait until the sheriff got here."

"Good advice, old chap. But who is 'he,' and where did he go?"

"He's the top sergeant. He carried me in here, and washed my face, and gave me bread 'n' syrup, 'n' milk in a can. But he was pretty tired and had to sleep a while, so he said I could have his rifle and be a sergeant until the sheriff came. I guess he must be sleeping awful sound."

He peered toward a shadowy corner where, on an army cot, the vague outline of a man was visible. A Navaho blanket covered the figure from head to foot. Searle strode to the cot and lifted the blanket from the face of the sleeper; then, after a moment, spread it gently back.

Bob Conroy was indeed "sleeping awful sound."

A glint of metal against the gay pattern of the blanket drew Searle's attention to the trinkets at which Conroy had been looking that morning when Panamint arrived. Stooping, Searle gazed at the two with eyes in which amazement slowly yielded to comprehension. Reverently he lifted the medallions and, turning back the blanket, pinned them to the left breast of Conroy's flannel jacket.

"The Victoria Cross and the Best Shot in the British Army," he whispered. "You never got those playing pinochle, soldier; but I'll say you've proved your right to wear them both today!"

ANOTHER auto purred to a stop out front, and Searle wheeled to meet the steel-gray glance of a stocky man whose military shoulders almost filled the adobe's doorway.

"Pardon." The newcomer spoke in clipped British accents. "Looking for Conroy—Sergeant Conroy. Fancy he'll be somewhere about—judging from casualties."

"He's—there." Searle slowly inclined his head toward the cot.

The colonel stooped above the cot for a long minute, silently regarding the tranquil face of his one-time sergeant. The steel was gone from his eyes when he turned them again upon Searle. "How—and why?" he queried.

Searle, touching the scroll beneath the Maltese cross on Conroy's breast, answered in the two words engraved thereon: "For valor."

The colonel, his back very straight and his eyes on some far-away field, softly added the restricting clause of the regulation governing that award:

"'In the presence of the enemy.'"

THE END

Three- and Four-Star Books Recently Reviewed in Liberty

★ ★ ★ ½ **ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY** by Frances Grant.

★ ★ ★ **DARK MASQUERADE,** Anonymous; **BORN TO RAISE HELL** by Lowell Thomas; **THE MOUNTAIN AND THE PLAIN** by Herbert Gorman; **HALFWAY HOUSE** by Ellery Queen; **THE RIVER PASTURE** by Judy Van Der Veer; **BALKAN MONASTERY** by Stephen Graham; **TWO WORLDS** by Lester Cohen; **LISTEN FOR A LONESOME DRUM** by Carl Carmer (Illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge); **THE DISCUSSION OF HUMAN AFFAIRS** by Charles A. Beard; **CHILDREN OF OL' MAN RIVER** by Billy Bryant.

THIS WEEK'S REVIEWS

★ ★ ½ **I AM THE FOX** by Winifred Van Etten. Little, Brown & Company.

The Atlantic $10,000 Prize Novel of 1936. A sensitive woman looks at life, and some of the peephole views she gives are unforgettable.

★ ★ **BELOW THE CLOCK** by J. V. Turner. D. Appleton-Century Company.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is ingeniously murdered while addressing the House of Commons. Amos Petrie, beer drinker, angler, and solicitor, solves it.

Nautical But Not Naughty

A Former Risque Stage Hit Comes to the Screen as a Hilarious Bit of Clean Fun—Mr. Raft Appears (Again) as a Gambler, and Mr. Gable as a Pugilist (sans Mustache)

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY 3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD 1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★ LADY BE CAREFUL

THE PLAYERS: Lew Ayres, Mary Carlisle, Benny Baker, Larry Crabbe, Grant Withers, Irving Bacon, Barbara Barondess, Sheila Bromley, Wilma Francis, Ethel Sykes, Murray Alper, Jack Chapin, Wesley Barry. Directed by Theodore Reed. From the play by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson.

THIS little offering is the scrubbed, disinfected version of that salty stage hit, Sailor Beware! In the picture the lusty gobs display no more lechery than one might expect from the Rover Boys. And the torrid damosels of Panama's commercial play-places could easily be mistaken for a high-school sorority. But the surprising thing about this screen translation is that it turns out to be such amiable amusement.

Mary Carlisle and Lew Ayres in Lady Be Careful.

Brightly and at moments even tenderly played by Lew Ayres and dollish Mary Carlisle, Lady Be Careful has these two as the admitted best lovers of their sets. Ayres, as the fleet's prize Lothario, accidentally acquires his enviable reputation when he returns from an innocent shore leave accompanied by no less than eight society girls. Actually a shy fellow, he is championed by his seagoing brothers as an irresistible lover. The marines, however, are not entirely convinced of Ayres's amatory prowess. So, in the natural turn of events, the whole fleet becomes embroiled in a betting spree as to whether he can break past the barriers of Billie Jackson, nicknamed by the sailors "Stonewall."

Lest this seem quite sexy stuff, let us tell you that Ayres is out for nothing more personal from this girl than a cherished pennant which she won in a beauty contest. And how he goes about getting that pennant and, incidentally, falling in love with its possessor, provides as much lightly unpretentious pleasure as we have come across this season. It's a treat.

VITAL STATISTICS: Lew Ayres seemed to be sulking a lot, and how would you feel had you lost Ginger Rogers? Hollywood thinks they split because when the star wife goes up and the starred husband goes down, it's no go. Got his start when a scout saw him Cocoanut Groveing with Lili Damita; rise was meteoric; you must have seen him being All Quiet on the W. F. and State Fairing. He's the best trapdrummer in Hollywood. . . . Plumpishly lovely Mary Carlisle, of Boston and its convents, was pursued all through this by Paul Mitchell, an ex-country playboy of the Jock Whitney school. . . . Cutiepie Wilma Francis, of N'Awlyans and its convents, once took second place in a convent typewriting contest and can always depend on tap-tap for a living. . . . Jack Chapin's dad is Frederick Chapin the scrivener, and Jack got started yanking nails from used stage sets, working his way down to acting. . . . Now that it's Larry Crabbe and never again will be Buster, I'm told it may next be Clarence Linden Crabbe, Larry straining for dignity without loincloths.

★★½ YOURS FOR THE ASKING

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Dolores Costello Barrymore, Ida Lupino, Reginald Owen, James Gleason, Edgar Kennedy, Lynne Overman. Directed by Alexander Hall. From a story by William R. Lipman and William H. Wright.

GEORGE RAFT, bringing all his expressions —Numbers 1, 2, and 3— into full play, swings through a well constructed revival of the overused gangster-versus-society theme in Paramount's Yours for the Asking.

The film gets speedily under way when a destitute society woman, Dolores Costello, strikes up a business partnership with the gambling Mr. Raft. Miss Costello offers her handsome home as a gilded roulette dive, and Raft, supplying the necessary money and gambling wisdom, starts the union on its profitable way. The merger rolls along with happy results until Raft's stooges—Lynne Overman, James Gleason, and Edgar Kennedy—begin to suspect their boss of social aspirations.

In order to teach him a bitter lesson, Raft's well meaning helpmates decide to trump up a fake romance for him, one that will cure him of society for good. A resort playgirl, Ida Lupino, is hired.

All in all, this comes as smooth cinema fun.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ida Lupino gets all her fan mail from college men; says she's an avid student, loving to learn by talking pure erudition. She land-tours a lot in a trailer; claims such trips keep her from enervating nighteries. . . . Jimmy Gleason wants you to know it's his thirtieth year in matrimony and pearls are in order. Jimmy attributes his marital longevity to lots of laughs, buttermilk, and Lucille Gleason. Jimmy's a Spanish War vet. . . . George Raft never starts a picture on Friday; never wears a suit more than once in said picture, using up from four to seven new ones every picture. Always gives these oldies away and Hollywood Blvd. is thronged with unfortunates who have been fortunate enough to get George's offcasts. Since jacked to stardom, George has never seen himself on the screen, saying it's not what he thinks of himself that counts but what the people do. . . . Dolores Costello has recovered from her comeback jitters; is doing it for the life and kiddies, being her own breadwinner. . . . Lynne Overman has played every part in a newspaper office except copy reader. . . . Famous personages in this: Groucho Marx, Charlie Ruggles, Miss Tookie Spreckels, Olive Tell, and Mrs. Connie (Ida's maw) Lupino—all of whom are either extras or bit players and can be found among Coronado Beachy scenes.

★★½ STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

THE PLAYERS: Ralph Bellamy, Katherine Locke, Andy Clyde, David Holt, Bert Hanlon, Noel Madison, Paul Fix, Purnell Pratt, Onslow Stevens, Rollo Lloyd. Directed by Stuart Heisler. Based on a story by Lucian Cary.

A MILD and unpretentious bit of gangster lore, Straight from the Shoulder builds up to one of

"She Tore at Me with the Clammy Claws of Death". . .

Edgar L. Hocking Clings for Hours to Overturned Boat... Numb and Exhausted, He Cheats a Sailor's Grave in Long Island Sound.

"I saw it coming . . . a black squall pounding down on a flat calm," writes Edgar L. Hocking. "No wind yet, so I couldn't run for shore. Nothing to do but reef and take it!

"But when she hit, the squall took *me*. Slapped down by tons of solid green water, that little 14-foot sail boat rolled over. Unable to swim, I clung to the bottom through black hours, my teeth chattering and numbness creeping gradually over me.

"Not a light showed anywhere, only the cold heaving sea, the dark, cloud-ridden sky and the icy gale that tore at me with the clammy claws of Death.

"There seemed little use of holding on any longer . . . when a searchlight from a distant boat cut through my despair! With all my strength I shouted for help. Finally, that bright finger of light pointed me out. If I could hang on just a few more minutes, I would be saved! . . . Safe aboard my rescuer's boat, I said it was a good thing he had a powerful searchlight.

"He picked a long-range, five-cell Eveready flashlight off the chart table and said, 'Here's my only searchlight.'

"And was I glad those batteries were *fresh* when he bought them, with plenty of life and power left! Yes, they were Eveready's too . . . I took the trouble to find out."

EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

National Carbon Co., Inc., 30 East 42nd St., New York

***Once more the* DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE**

GOOD MORNING DOCTOR. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU ?
I NEED SOME FLASHLIGHT CELLS
YOU WANT DATED EVEREADYS DONT YOU ?
I CERTAINLY DO. THE LONGER LIFE IN EVEREADY BATTERIES HAS GIVEN LONGER LIFE TO PLENTY OF PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTY
THAT'S A GOOD ONE DOCTOR. I WISH I COULD WRITE THAT ON MY WINDOW! MAYBE EVERYBODY WOULD REALIZE THEN THAT FRESH BATTERIES HAVE MORE PEP. THAT DATE LINE IS A REAL PROTECTION

FOR BEST RESULTS—*Advertise in Liberty*

America's Best Read Weekly

HERE'S THE ONLY COUGH DROP MEDICATED WITH

throat soothing

INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

VICKS *Medicated* COUGH DROPS

the most suspenseful sequences on current view. This taut episode has a plucky lad, played by David Holt, locked in an isolated cabin with two killers who are out to get the boy's father for having identified them.

Based on a story by Lucian Cary, Straight from the Shoulder has Ralph Bellamy as a sharp-eyed artist who is witness to a holdup killing. From there on the picture settles down to the business of having the killers trying to get rid of the artist before trial time.

The show is completely dominated by its youthful star, and in giving him able support Ralph Bellamy, Katherine Locke, and Andy Clyde help to make this a bright little novelty in the endless game of cops and robbers.

VITAL STATISTICS: Katherine Locke debuts. She's Boston bred, NYU edded, well pianoed and voiced, stage-cradled on Broadway. . . . Ralph Bellamy, I excitingly offer, collects old music boxes; has fourteen. He's of Chicago; is married to Catherine Willard; was once a bank runner; is a bologna-on-rye fiend; owns a tennis club at Palm Springs. First movie part was lead in The Magnificent Lie. . . . Bert Hanlon's got the baldest head in Hollywood; nobody misses his ivory top despite most perfect of wigs. . . . David Holt's maw got Paw Holt to give up auto job in Jacksonville, Florida, to emigrate to Hollywood and give little David a chance to make good for them. David's done so with a bang. . . . Onslow Stevens ran away to the Philippines at fourteen, armied till eighteen.

★ CAIN AND MABEL

THE PLAYERS: Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Allen Jenkins, Roscoe Karns, Walter Catlett, David Carlyle, Hobart Cavanaugh, Ruth Donnelly, Pert Kelton, William Collier, Sr., Sammy White, E. E. Clive. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Story by H. C. Witwer.

IN Cain and Mabel, Marion Davies is seen as a musical-comedy star with no box-office draw. Clark Gable is a heavyweight boxing champ whose fistic prowess never attracts a million-dollar gate. But when a smart press agent unites the two in a publicized romance their earnings soar to new heights.

That the musical star and the fighter hate each other at first is just one more bromide in a picture constructed entirely of clichés. This hate turns to love, just as you knew it would, when the girl learns that the pugilist really yearns to be a mechanic and he discovers that this glamorous show girl desires nothing so much as a chance to do her own cooking.

VITAL STATISTICS: M-G-M traded Clark Gable to Warners in return for Paul Muni, who plays the heathen Chinee in The Good Earth, and only time and the box office will tell who came off the better. . . . Gable trained for five weeks before fighting in the film, more care being taken with this phase than with the story, it would seem. Has quite a punch, they say—movie trained. Accidentally bopped his script opponent, Alan Pomeroy, college heavy champ, and sent him dreaming, then got cracked rib in return. He's gotten thinner since becoming a bachelor. . . . Marion Davies has entertained more people in her life than the Orpheum Circuit; she's terribly softhearted and a big clinic founder. There's always an orgy of present giving on her sets and very much like the carnival spirit ensues. She approaches her work like an enthusiastic kid. Insisted on taking all her falls and bumps in this on her own. Is one of four sisters; supports her whole family singlehanded. . . . According to dance director Bobby Connolly, who stepped this, chorus gals make the best wives. They're healthy, know the value of money, can cook and sew, aren't gossipy or lazy, have lasting figures, good tempers, and refinement. Their ratio of desirability to heiresses is about 15 to 1. In a studio poll, chorines in this voted men more interesting than women, F. D. R. being No. 1, Mussolini 2, Einstein 5, and Karl Marx even got a vote! . . . Director Lloyd Bacon memorizes his scripts; is Hollywood's most economical me[illegible] and could

make a picture with only one take for every scene if so requested. . . . This is Allen Jenkins's thirtieth fight-training role; R. Karns's thirteenth newspaperman. . . . Marie Prevost has a phone-girl bit in Catlett's office.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three.

★★★½—Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Follow the Fleet.

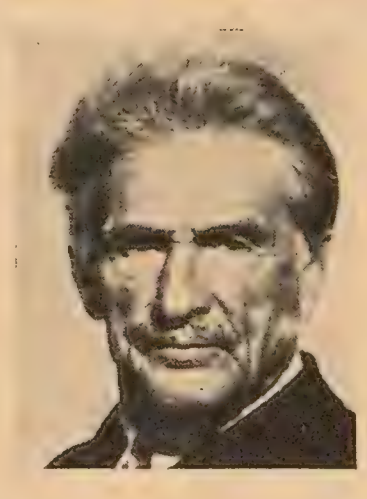
★★★—Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary.

ANNOUNCING

A Series of Radio Discussions of National Questions by

BERNARR MACFADDEN

HUMANITARIAN — PUBLICIST — PHILANTHROPIST



Until further notice, Bernarr Macfadden, humanitarian, publicist, and philanthropist, will discuss a topic of national interest every Tuesday evening at 10 o'clock E. D. T. in a fifteen-minute broadcast over the stations of the Mutual Broadcasting Company.

Arranged by and conducted under the auspices of Liberty, this series of discussions will have a strong appeal to every person who reads Mr. Macfadden's editorial page in this magazine, which we believe is the most widely read and discussed editorial page published in America today.

You are cordially invited to tune in on this interesting and informative feature.

Every Tuesday at 10 P. M., E. D. T.

Stations—WMCA New York, WOR Newark, WLW Cincinnati, CKLW Detroit, WGN Chicago

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—What professor of modern languages and belles-lettres at Harvard had a hymn-writing brother, Samuel, and wrote the novels, Kavanagh and Hyperion? (Note early photo at the right.)

2—Which of the Marx brothers is the oldest?

3—Where is the Pacific coast's only fresh-water harbor?

4—What is 500 times sweeter than cane sugar?

5—Fifteen per cent of drivers cause what proportion of automobile accidents?

6—What is the usual weight of a bathtub?

7—"Think fast, Captain Flagg!" was a line from what picture?

8—Which side of a ship was known as the larboard?

9—Has natural gas a higher heat content than manufactured gas?

10—What kind of Chinese boat is shown at the left?

11—Which state has the greatest number of cities with more than 100,000 population?

12—What disease radically changes fingerprints?

13—In the recent Olympic Games, what country won all women's swimming events except one?

14—What is the longest word in the Bible?

15—How many wives had Brigham Young?

16—What intelligent breed of dog, supposedly of French origin, is usually white in Germany, black in Russia?

17—Defeated Congressmen still holding office are called what?

18—What color are garnets?

19—Who became world's champion heavyweight boxer by defeating Tommy Burns in Sydney, Australia?

20—Which of the United States Presidents established civil government in the Philippines?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

Go to the World Series . . . or to Old World Cities!

THE 1937 Philco opens up a new world of entertainment by adding Old World cities to your sources of radio programs.

Right on the dial of Philco 620B you'll find London . . . Paris . . . Berlin *named and located.* And the Philco Foreign Tuning System and High-Efficiency Aerial bring their programs with surprising clarity and regularity.

All that American broadcasting offers, too. World Series baseball or World's Championship fight . . . opera or symphony . . . reproduced with a richness of tone that sets a new standard for a table model radio!

Your Philco dealer's name is in the classified telephone directory. Ask him to demonstrate any Philco . . . and to tell you about the Philco Commercial Credit Easy Payment Plan.

PHILCO 620B*

$52.50

Less Aerial

** Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.*

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

HOME RADIOS . . . $20 *to* $600
AUTO RADIOS $39.95 *to* $77.60

Philco Replacement Tubes Improve the Performance of Any Radio

Why My Wife and I Are *UNHAPPY*

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WOULD you like to swap places with me—you men? A lot of you would, I know. People from all over the world are always telling me *I'm the luckiest of men.* Just because my quintuplets are "Canada's five-star tourist attraction."

Not long ago, while I was on my way home from the quintuplets' hospital, I was stopped by a nice friendly guy from Chattanooga, Tennessee.

"You're the quins' papa, aren't you?" he asked. "Well, I want to tell you something. Along with a couple of thousand other tourists today, I saw the world's biggest and best baby show. Yes, sir, I've seen Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie. And I'll never forget the quin capers they cut!

"Young fellow, I envy you. *I've* been married ten years—and still no luck; still no babies!

"But I haven't given up hope—yet," he confided. "There are five *magic Dionne pebbles* in my pocket. Do you know what they say about rocks and pebbles carried away from your farm?"

I knew that, by order of somebody or other, thousands of rocks and pebbles from my farm are put into boxes for the convenience of tourists, and that these boxes are stacked in front of what they call the "exhibition playground building." But I didn't know why. I'd supposed they were for souvenirs only.

That gave the man from Tennessee a laugh.

"The joke's on you!" he said. "To think the low-down on this pebble business is news to Papa Dionne! Why, didn't you know that a lot of childless women have taken to wearing five-pebble Dionne wishing bracelets?

"All these men and women who go away from here with stones *want to have quins, if they can.* And if they can't, they want to have just a baby!"

He asked me to wish him luck. I did, but I was laughing inside. Then I hurried into the house and told Elzire—in French, which is her only language—all I'd just heard about this pebble business.

And that gave *her* a laugh. But there was a hint of tears in her voice as she said, "If these people who are envying us had any idea of what we've been through—what we're still going through—they wouldn't call us lucky, would they, Oliva?"

That's how Elzire feels—with all her heart.

In a few words I'll try to tell you how *I* feel.

When we were expecting the birth of a seventh child I was just a plain hard-working farmer. I worked from sunup to sundown. With my family I went regularly to church on Sunday. I lived and let live, always minding my own business.

To city folk, that sort of life might seem dull. But I was born on a farm—this same Dionne farm where I live now—and in the very same room as the quins, only thirty years ahead of them.

All my life, practically, I'd worked. Work didn't scare me; I liked it. The truth is, I counted myself a fortunate man. Especially after my marriage on September 15, 1925, to pretty sixteen-year-old Elzire Legros, the only girl I've ever loved.

I was prosperous. I had a knack of making money, and to use our French expression, *je ne l'ai pas jeté par la fenêtre* (I didn't throw it out of the window).

I saved my dollars and dimes to get married on, and at the time of my wedding—I was then twenty-two—I had two thousand dollars in the bank. I also had the old farm, which I'd bought from my father, and I had an automobile and a hay press—the only one around Corbeil.

We started off fine, Elzire and I. We were very happy. After the children came we were even happier. For we both loved babies, and liked working for them and planning for their futures.

"Why shouldn't we be happy?" my lighthearted French wife often said to me. "We have all we need."

We did, too. For we had each other. We had our love. We had our children.

We had our three hundred acres of farm land. We had up-to-date farm machinery. I was especially proud of our cattle—the prize bull, the two sleek horses, and the three good cows.

Yes; the farm was well equipped and well stocked. In the good years before things went to pieces it used to bring in as much as a thousand dollars a year. And I earned extra money by my trapping and by baling hay for other farmers.

We didn't have anything to worry about—not until the bad years took our savings and forced us to do without a lot of things we'd always had. We did manage to hang on to the old family car, though, and I kept it running all right.

By saving carefully, we scraped along. My wife made over some of her dresses—her best ones, mind you—into Sunday frocks for our little girls, Rose and Thérèse. She also made each of them a fur coat out of an old raccoon coat she'd had before our marriage.

Elzire even made my trousers! Made them well, too. I've seen store pants that didn't look a bit better.

Hard as we had to work, there were some moments of letup, too. For amusement we read French books or papers. Sometimes we had visitors with whom we played whist. Sometimes we called on relatives and neighbors. And occasionally we drove in the old car to Callander or North Bay for marketing or shopping.

On Sundays, of course, rain or shine, we went to church with our prayer books and our rosaries.

Little did we dream then that we'd soon be running from newspaper reporters and dodging photographers.

I remember the cold nights in February, '34, with knee-deep snow on the ground. Elzire and I, after she'd heard the children's prayers and tucked them into bed, used to sit around the stove and talk. We talked about the times that should soon be better and about the children: about Ernest, who was then seven; about Rose, who was six; Thérèse, five; Daniel, two; and about our half-year-old blonde Pauline.

We also spoke of the baby we were expecting in July, and two or three times Elzire said:

"Somehow, this time I feel different. Maybe I'm going to have twins."

Spring came and she still felt "different." It was easy to see she wasn't so strong as she'd always been when nearing her time with the other babies. Something told her, too, that all might not go well. But even her strong premonition didn't prepare her for the serious illness which soon followed, or for the two months' premature birth of *five* unbelievably small and alarmingly frail girl babies.

We weren't ready, of course, for a quintuplet birth. For one thing, we didn't have enough money. And so the Red Cross, under the direction of the government, rushed

The Dionne farmhouse, the quins' birthplace, during the tourist season. Papa and Mama still live in it.

PAPA DIONNE Tears Aside for the First Time the Money Screen that Veils the World's Most Famous Babies

to our aid with nurses and supplies. It was through the Red Cross, too, that the quins received from out-of-town hospitals the daily quota of mothers' milk on which they survived during those first dangerous months.

For all that we shall ever be grateful. And to every other organization and to every person who did anything for us or for the babies. Donations and gifts poured in, and we are most thankful—thankful beyond words!

So far, so good! But when the babies were only two months old something else happened. A man representing the Red Cross came to us, urged us, even prevailed upon us, "for the good of the quins," to assign over to his organization their custody for a period of two years.

Elzire and I weren't very eager to do this. We talked it over again and again. But in the end we signed the agreement. Shortly afterward the babies were removed to the hospital, and there they've been ever since.

Naturally, at the end of two years we expected them to be returned to us. *That was the promise.*

What happened, though? *By March 17, 1935, the Ontario government passed an act—the Dionne Act it was called—which made our quintuplets wards of the Crown for a period of eighteen years!*

FOR days Elzire refused to believe her babies were to be wards of the King for all that length of time.

"Why," she cried, "that would mean that my babies will be *legal orphans* till they are grown! Surely it's only talk, though. We signed for only *two years.*"

The real reasons for the passage of that act we have never known. We do know that our babies are still living on the Dionne farm—but apart from us. They are now in a hospital home, "doing their stuff" to amuse the daily swarms of tourists.

We know that *only four times* since the five were removed from our house have their five older brothers and sisters seen them, and then only from a distance.

We also know this: although they let us into the hospital, we, the father and mother of the babies, never are with them alone!

How would you like it all if you were in my place?

Maybe you'll say what a bachelor—a graybeard of sixty or so—said to me on July 10, the day after the quins' brother, little Oliva, was born.

"Aren't you proud?" he asked. "Aren't you glad to see your quins earning so much money? Just look at their fourteen-hundred-and-fifty-dollar monthly pay roll, all itemized here in this paper! And think of the millions they are earning for their government, as Canada's biggest tourist attraction.

"And think of the hundred thousand dollars or so already in the Quintuplet Fund, and of the several hundred thousands that Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie will be worth by the time they are eighteen!

"If I were you I'd never complain. I'd be very proud and very happy!"

All the time I was saying to myself, While my baby girls are piling up money, what is happening to their souls? If they remain wards of the Crown till they are eighteen, how can they ever know the meaning of home ties? What about us, too, their mother and father, their sisters and brothers? Haven't we the God-given right to have them with us? Especially when we ourselves, the parents, would build a modern house large enough for the whole family, with a nursery all fixed up for the *petites*—and around that house we'd erect a high wall that would give us all some privacy!

This being cut off from my baby girls for so long a time has cut me to the heart. Ever since the day they were carried off I, always a sound sleeper before, haven't had one good night's rest. For the Dionne quins, for all their world fame, are still to me just *my babies.*

Instead of the simple easy life we led before, what have we now? Throughout the tourist season, to enjoy any privacy at all we have to stay inside our farmhouse behind locked doors and with shades drawn. Often visitors even try to crash into the house through doors or windows.

Yes, we've become just objects of curiosity.

They say the quins' birthplace—the home where we once lived at peace—is the most photographed house on the American continent. I can believe it. The tourists start photographing the place early in the morning and stop only after the sun has gone down. And we can't go anywhere that people don't stare at us.

And there have been men with all sorts of get-rich schemes. One high-pressure guy from Chicago even had the bright idea of moving our whole house out to Chicago, to exhibit it there! But I have a sentiment about my home, which I mean always to keep, whether we always live in it or not. So all the money he offered didn't interest me.

To have lost the sweet joy of quiet unmolested country living—to *have lost along with that the custody of five of our children*—well, I agree with Elzire. She doesn't understand how any one could possibly envy us!

Now would you like to swap places with me?

THE END

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

HERE'S a lady who studies clothes so constantly and so intently that she says a nudist camp would be the only place in which she could relax.

Tobé is the professional name she uses for the weekly service of fashion tips supplied by her organization to more than a hundred big department stores and women's specialty shops throughout the country. Her real name is Taube Coller Davis, and smart dress merchants depend on her information because she knows how to find out where our new styles come from—and why.

" Most of our European styles," she told me, " originate in some political event, or in the private love affairs of the famous dressmakers. Two political influences are felt this autumn. As a protest against radicalism the well dressed women of Paris have gone Napoleonic; wear cockades on their hats, Empire evening gowns, Directoire cloaks. Behind the formality of elaborate metal-trimmed afternoon dresses I see great public interest in King Edward's coming coronation."

TOBE

The love life of the French dressmakers, says Tobé, has started at least three world-wide fashions in recent years.

Our chenille hats, copied from the knitted caps of Switzerland, were spawned by a romance between a Paris modiste and a handsome Swiss.

Our Russian vogue began with the courtship of a very celebrated French couturière by a Russian duke.

Another Paris stylist took a sentimental trip to Egypt, after which we wore Egyptianized clothes for quite a while. I asked Tobé about the love life of our American dress authorities.

" It seldom counts," she said. " Over here they *marry* their designers and stick strictly to business."

Tobé names San Francisco and Dallas, Texas, as two of our best dressed cities. A favorite new color for winter-resort clothes, she says, will be *Chinese Bankers' Blue,* an exclusive dark blue.

● The girl is twenty, her brother is eighteen. Their parents were divorced about ten years ago, when the two children were *children.* They are children no longer—and now, after a ten-year fling of freedom, their parents have become reconciled, want to remarry. The kids won't stand for it.

The girl has been brought up by her mother among one set of friends, the boy by his father in another set. They say the remarriage of their parents would create a ridiculous situation. Selfish, of course; but they are adolescent and therefore terribly sensitive to ridicule. Their parents have decided to put off their remarriage until the kids grow up. One more strange turn in the twisted destinies of divorce!

● On cold nights last winter, walking the floor with the baby, a young husband of my neighborhood used to be thankful indeed that he owned a raccoon coat with a big fur collar whereon the baby would snuggle its head and soon go back to sleep. Summer came, and the coat should have been packed away among the moth balls. But it wasn't. Because baby refused to be walked to sleep unless it could snuggle its head on fur.

So I give you the true and painful picture of that heroic young husband upon an August night, with the temperature around a hundred, putting on his raccoon coat to walk the floor with the baby!

● The husband of a friend of mine says that one advantage to be gained by the use of modern built-in furniture is the fact that it discourages our restless feminine urge for moving into a new apartment every season or so. Men hate moving, and built-in furniture rarely fits any house except the one for which you selected it. But if you are not a chronic mover it certainly saves a lot of space and a good deal of money. Most of our large department stores now carry unpainted built-in units that any carpenter can put up. They are inexpensive, attractive, and very practical, especially for small bedrooms. Paint 'em yourself.

● Lipsticks that taste like liquor may soon be touching up our lips. A Belgian cosmetic firm has just brought out a line of lipsticks flavored in imitation of alcoholic drinks. There is a cocktail lipstick for the afternoon, a red Burgundy lipstick for the dinner date, a champagne lipstick for evening parties.

To me the whole idea seems pretty inelegant, somewhat disreputable. Yet I suppose a mob of us will fall for it if it should happen to become stylish here—which I hopefully doubt.

● Timely and interesting at this political season is Mary Randolph's very readable book, Presidents and First Ladies. (Published by the D. Appleton-Century Company.)

● *New cocktail snack for your first autumn party:*

Drain syrup from 2 tablespoons India chutney (Major Gray's). Chop fine and mix to paste with yolk of 1 hard-boiled egg. Spread thinly on bacon slices, roll up, fasten with toothpicks, broil quickly. On unbuttered slices rye bread or pumpernickel arrange finely chopped celery leaves mixed half-and-half with red caviar.

Sprinkle each slice with ground nuts and a few drops of lemon juice.

Serve chutney-bacon and celery-caviar snacks on same platter.

Pearl onions, pickled, make a nice accompaniment for these snacks.

GOD COMES to HOLLYWOOD

Is Faith Rising from the Dead Past in the Colony of Films—Are the Movies Forgetting to Be "Colossal and Stupendous," to Be Simple and Fine and True?

Oscar Polk as Gabriel, complete with wings, and frock-coated Rex Ingram, as De Lawd, in The Green Pastures.

by WESTON LAKE

READING TIME
6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PULITZER PRIZE cartoonist Rollin Kirby, who shoots a mean game of Kelly pool, was pursuing his usual avocation in the bar of The Players, Gramercy Park, New York, when in wandered Pulitzer Prize playwright Marc Connelly seeking an idea for a play.

"How about Old Man Adam and His Chillun?" suggested Kirby.

"What is it?" said Connelly.

"A book."

"What's it about?"

"About God—there ought to be an idea in that."

There was. Assisted by Roark Bradford, author of the darky folklore masterpiece, playwright Connelly fashioned The Green Pastures.

The play ran five years, played nearly two thousand performances in more than two hundred cities, grossed three million dollars and sold to the movies for one hundred thousand, plus a fabulous writer-and-director contract for Connelly.

The book and the play were fabricated out of simple ingredients. But could Hollywood be as simple as that? Could any cinema-trained director, finding himself on location in heaven, refrain from depicting it as elegant, lavish, stupendous, colossal—with a nifty angel ballet number done on a moving heavenly staircase?

In The Green Pastures, however, Hollywood resisted such temptations, avoided such pitfalls, by the simple device of turning over the production to some one who knew something about it—to wit, the playwright.

This was, of course, contrary to the best Hollywood traditions. But now Hollywood was taking an epochal step: it was actually letting the man who created the play have something to say about its production.

As a result, you will never be able to convince the Brothers Warner that God hasn't come to Hollywood for their special benefit. But if it is true—as it would seem from The Green Pastures and other notable films which are about to come to the screen—that Providence is taking more than the usual interest in Hollywood affairs, the ultimate beneficiaries are likely to be you and me and the forty million other people who make the motion-picture industry possible and profitable.

Good as The Green Pastures is, it is not so important in itself as it is as a symbol of what has been happening in Hollywood during the past twenty-four months, what is still happening, and what will happen even more definitely during the next twelve months.

For it is not the only picture that has benefited by Hollywood's belated discovery that you cannot produce a cinema Hamlet with Hamlet left out. More and more often, in the long list of credits which comes after the title of every picture, there appears the name of the man or woman who wrote the original book or play on which the picture is based, and who has been permitted by the chastened movie gods to impart to the screen version that vital spark which made the original version notable.

This departure from hidebound movie tradition may be the most important thing—for you and me—that has happened in Hollywood since the coming of the talking picture. Under these enlightened policies, almost the whole of creative literature becomes available to the camera and the microphone. Few novels are so profound and few stage fantasies so feathery light that, with the author's co-operation, they could not be successfully adapted to the screen. It is only when the original conception is lost that the really worth-while story is lost.

Cavalcade—still probably the finest production ever made for the screen—is an excellent example. The Noel Coward piece was first produced in London as a stage play. It was viewed by the foreign representatives of every American film company and by most of the important Hollywood executives on visits to Europe. In the parlance of the industry, nobody gave it a tear.

Finally, it was bought for pictures by a Wall Street banker temporarily in charge of a big California film company which had fallen into financial difficulties.

With misgivings and without enthusiasm, the studio put the picture into production. Its only chance, so the wise ones said, was that it might make some money in England; so the director was allowed to produce it as a straight English story without any of the usual Hollywood "improvements"—in short, as Coward had already conceived, written, and produced it. Result: a smash hit.

A few years before the making of Cavalcade, a slight tired-looking but bright-eyed young director named Alexander Korda had made in Hollywood one of the best of the silent pictures, The Private Life of Helen of Troy. From author John Erskine's idea, or rather from his title, young Korda had distilled an idea of his own. He would make The Private Life of Henry VIII. Filled with the force of his great idea, he stormed the ramparts of the studio front office, only to be told, "Aw, get something commercial!"

Korda then took himself and his idea to Europe. Finally

WORLD'S SAFEST OIL GUARDS

FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL STREAMLINER FLEET

SPEED WITH SAFETY! This Union Pacific fleet uses Pennzoil in cutting 19 hours off old Coast-to-Chicago rail schedules.
City of Portland City of Los Angeles
City of San Francisco*
Get The Same Safe Lubrication
For Your Car That PENNZOIL
Gives These Streamliners
(*Operated jointly by Union Pacific and Southern Pacific)

The huge Diesel engines of these streamliners are three times as hard on oil as your car. Yet regular Pennzoil stands up safely on their 2,000-mile, high-speed runs.

So think what an amazing margin of safety you get when you use in your car the same Pennzoil that experts insist on for *all three* of Union Pacific's Coast-to-Chicago streamliners!

Pennzoil's margin of safety enables you to drive farther between crankcase drains. See your independent dealer for correct grade of Pennzoil for your car.

WHY DIESELS TEST OIL STAMINA

1. A typical Diesel cylinder develops 75 horsepower, the average automobile 12.

2. Diesel cylinder pressures rise to 27,000 pounds, automobile pressures to 8,400.

3. Diesel bearing pressures are 550 pounds per square inch, automobile pressures 250.

PENNZOIL GIVES YOUR CAR AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Copyright, The Pennzoil Co., 1936 Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn. Permit No. 2

Each month, Northwest Airlines' planes fly a distance equal to 11½ times around the world. They use Pennzoil Motor Oil.
BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
MORE MILES OF SAFE LUBRICATION

he got together about as much money as it takes to make a "quickie" on Hollywood's Poverty Row. With it he fulfilled his cherished ambition. He made The Private Life of Henry VIII. It was this picture, produced in England on a shoestring by a Hollywood-rejected director, which changed the whole course of American movie history. It was not only such an artistic success that it established three of its players—Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, and Robert Donat—on the highest pedestals of cinema celebrity, but it was so "commercial" that, almost unassisted, it built a few struggling suburban studios into that thriving young giant, the British motion-picture industry.

Before Henry VIII, Hollywood had a virtual monopoly of the cinema markets of the world. It furnished even England with from eighty-five to ninety per cent of its pictures. Now it saw foreign-made movies not only threatening to usurp its European market, but actually sneaking right out from under its nose the choicest of American bookings.

Something had to be done.

Here, from memory, is a partial list of the "somethings" that *were* done: The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, David Copperfield, The Scoundrel, The Informer, So Red the Rose, Mutiny on the Bounty, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Diamond Jim, A Tale of Two Cities, Sutter's Gold, The Story of Louis Pasteur, Captain Blood, The Country Doctor, Anthony Adverse, The Great Ziegfeld, The White Angel, San Francisco.

In the matter of biographies, hitherto a Hollywood no man's land, the industry seems especially bent on continuing its fast pace. Already on the fire, or about to be, are life stories of Beethoven, Danton, Marie Antoinette, Mme. Curie, General Goethals, and—so as not to seem too, too high-brow—Houdini, Lucky Baldwin, Buffalo Bill, and Lillian Russell.

More important, perhaps, as indicating a determination on the part of the now convinced Hollywood sages to maintain the high standard set by The Green Pastures and other recent pictures—such as These Three—is the general tone of the less specialized productions now completed or actively in the works. Here are some of them: Romeo and Juliet, The Good Earth, Mary of Scotland, The Texas Rangers, Lost Horizon.

A longer and more impressive list could be made by delving more deeply into the nine hundred and twelve feature pictures scheduled for production during the next twelve months. This brief glimpse, however, may suffice to show that God has come to Hollywood, not in one picture but in many; not for one picture but—let us hope—for good!

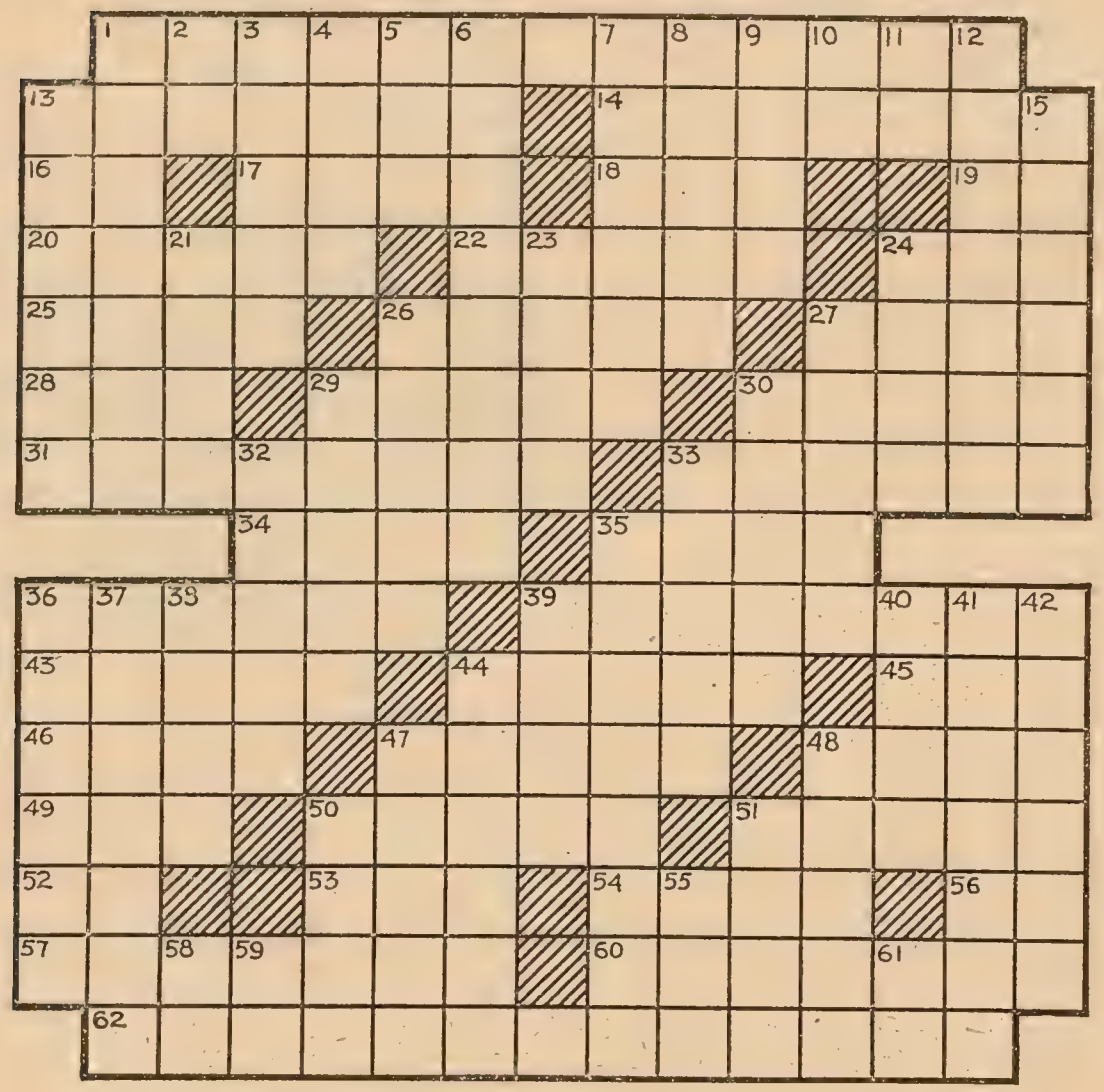
THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 37

1—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-82).
2—Chico (then came Harpo, Groucho, Gummo, and Zeppo).
3—At Portland, Oregon.
4—Saccharin.
5—Nearly all (in the United States).
6—About 400 pounds.
7—What Price Glory?
8—The left (now better known as the port).
9—Yes; the heat content of natural gas is approximately 1,100 British thermal units; that of manufactured gas, about 530 B.T.U.
10—A sampan.
11—Massachusetts.
12—Leprosy.
13—The Netherlands.
14—Mahershalalhashbaz. Isaiah 8: 1, 3.
15—Twenty-seven.
16—The poodle.
17—Lame ducks.
18—Red, green, and yellow.
19—Jack Johnson.
20—

Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 A smart new kid, very popular all over the world (two words)
13 Food for wrestlers
14 Fertilizer for bean sprout (two words)
16 A choice word
17 They have little mugs, built for little girls
18 Yankee fighting iron (abbr.)
19 When you gotta, you gotta
20 Kind of wear no nudist gets
22 Ant
24 Rewards of virtue
25 Agitators
26 Their noses are always in a stickup
27 City underminers
28 What they call Mr. Eezecemark
29 What dictators fill their baskets with
30 The 10-per-cent cut for Ye Olde Clergy
31 Gossip vents
33 A vile state
34 Old-time bar relief (plural)
35 Stylish shillalah
36 Whose arm has been causing strikes by Yankees against the Boston Millionaires?
39 Glorified butchers (they're simply killing when any bull's being thrown)
43 Kind of drop good for the hearing
44 Steel points faced by fearless diners
45 Little Moses
46 The air about humans
47 A pair of bad schmeling socks can drive you into one (plural)
48 Distribute roles to hungry performers
49 Ye Olde Atmospheric Hotel at Passthepotato-on-the-Mugwump

ERNES SCAMP ALICE
RAISE CORAL MADAM
IN SEDAN TIMID ME
EGO MORN READ MEN
SELF NEE ORT BALD
IRE SCANS CAN
ANVILS TIS CAROMS
REELING R SEVERAL
BE LAIRS PARED RA
ODE SPIT ALES SIN
RYAL STY ITS SCAT
SEA SLURS FIR
BREAST ENS MORASS
ROM SEW A DIG MAP
ANEW NIT RAN ABLE
EDNA ONE ATE GLOW
SOTS RED WAR EELS

Answer to last week's puzzle

50 Peaceably outfitted, like Europeans
51 ∧
52 Watch your step (abbr.)
53 Alka Poni fraternity
54 Intercollegiate Ass'n of Anagram Cheaters (abbr.)
56 How Garbo starts getting temperamental
57 Tack a $ to this and you'll have the aire Mr. Morgan breathes
60 A moderate movement that goes Bach to Beethoven
62 Ancient Order of the Hibernians (three words)

VERTICAL

1 It's a Shane but one's attached to Ted
2 Hitler-Schmitler (abbr.)
3 Blessed things for Paradise Seekers
4 Popular parking place
5 Doctor who heals the breaches of the law (abbr.)
6 Attar of skunk (plural)
7 They're making these phosphorescent for night hitchhiking
8 What Mussolini thinks arming does for the European situation
9 A money-making proposition
10 Small couple (slothful part removed)
11 Short greeting
12 There are two of these in every quarter
13 Knock Knock! What goes round and round in Russia and comes out nowhere?
15 The breakers at Southampton and Newport
21 This follows the Percheron
23 Bugs Baer is full of them (French)
24 Kind of room they really ought to play poker in
26 Female football rushes
27 Ozoned
29 The Telephone People of Europe (they stand for any chatter that comes over the wires)
30 They always wind up being canned
32 No matter how old Connecticut gets, this will always stay New
33 These go well with peaches and wind up in pairs
35 The man from Up Yonder
36 A heavenly pair of sparklers
37 Very colorful gold-pot holder
38 Where the bride gets most of her half-baked ideas from
39 Would you call an actor a this of information?
40 The cry around the Persian home
41 It broke the stony silence about the Egyptians
42 Chinee boy and girl sittee here and kissee
44 She-male
47 Underworld character known for supporting Bopeep
48 Kind of creme you can get cockeyed on
50 Would you call his imitator an airy ape?
51 Bounders in any league
55 &
58 Surprise!
59 What Hitler likes to hear the Jews cry
61 Bismarck's whereabouts in America (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Only MIDWEST Gives You PUSH BUTTON TUNING plus ELECTRIK SAVER

16 TUBES
5 WAVE BANDS... 9 to 2200 METERS

ELECTRIX-SAVER PUSH BUTTON TUNING

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL!

$49.95 COMPLETE WITH GIANT THEATRE-SONIC SPEAKER (LESS TUBES)

TERMS AS LOW AS 10¢ A DAY

EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective 16-tube 5-band radio. Outperforms $200 sets on point-for-point comparison. Before you decide, write for FREE 40-page 1937 catalog. Learn how you can save 50% by buying direct from the factory. Why pay more?

74 ADVANCED FEATURES

Scores of marvelous features explain Midwest super performance and assure thrilling world-wide all-wave performance. You can switch instantly from American programs . . . to Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . to world's finest foreign programs. Powerful Triple-Twin tubes (two tubes in one!)—give 20-tube results. *Exclusive Electrik-Saver* cuts radio wattage consumption 50%... results in Midwest radios using no more current than ordinary 7-tube sets...enables them to operate on volume as low as 80 volts. *Push Button Finger Tip Tuning* is made possible with the Midwest automatic push button tuning system . . . doubling your radio enjoyment.

SAVE UP TO 50% DIRECT FROM FACTORY

No middlemen's profits to pay—you buy at wholesale price direct from factory—saving 30% to 50%. As little as 10c a day pays for your Midwest . . . and you can try it out in your own home on 30 days FREE trial. You are triply protected with: Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for Free 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and 40-PAGE FOUR-COLOR Free CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. C-88, Cincinnati, Ohio

Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order

Special offer and prices prevail only when dealing direct with factory by mail.

Name
Address
Town State

STOP Scratching

RELIEVE ITCHING *In One Minute*

Even the most stubborn itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, quickly yields to Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

Always Used GLOVER'S—Kept

Rid of BALDNESS!

Don't wait till baldness overtakes you! If you have a good head of hair *keep* it by using GLOVER'S regularly. Promotes scalp health; keeps Dandruff away. Get Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap at your druggist's, or have your Barber give you Glover's Treatments.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

It's your

But Max Jordan's Job Is Filling It with Thrills for You—The Amazing Adventures of This World-Circling Go-Getter of Radio.

HE is a business man—a buyer who goes into the open market and each year spends a small fortune for commodities that must be given away by his employers. He argues with kings, chases stratosphere balloons through the Swiss Alps, teaches dictators to speak English, crawls around the top of Vesuvius, attends royal christenings, hurries to riots in Paris, and never misses a war. Still he is a business man.

Max Jordan's job is to comb Europe for things you would like to hear on the radio. Not the routine procession of tenors, pianists, bell ringers, or crooners. Nothing less than a grand duke will send Jordan trotting across Europe with a microphone—and the grand duke has to have something important to say when Jordan gets there.

When there was a war in Ethiopia, Jordan thought the owners of radio sets in America might like to hear the Emperor. He went to Ethiopia, and Haile Selassie spoke. So also did his wife. But by an unfortunate coincidence Count Galeazzo Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, was also on the air. The studio asked questions.

Jordan said, "I invited both sides to present their viewpoints, and both agreed. That kept me neutral."

But he didn't tell of the months of experimentation that had preceded those brief broadcasts—of the difficulties in bringing the Emperor's voice from the heart of North Africa across thousands of miles to the United States. That was part of his job.

Chasing a balloon was another one. Auguste Piccard was preparing for a stratosphere flight and had agreed to notify Jordan in time for the take-off. The call came at three in the morning and Jordan left his hotel in Zurich on a wild dash to the flying field. A hookup was made and the American public listened to the start of the great flight. Then Jordan and his party piled into six cars and followed the course of the balloon into the Swiss Alps. They were loaded down with geodetic, astronomical, meteorological, and radio equipment, and the idea was to broadcast the landing.

Outside the Sargans on the route to St. Moritz they were stopped by a railroad worker who pointed into the sky and cried, "There's the balloon!" Above was a small white speck that appeared to be at an altitude of about twenty thousand feet.

"The gondola," agreed one of the technicians. "The morning sun is reflecting from the silver paint."

Instruments were set up, tests made, and the party awaited the arrival of Professor Piccard from the sky. One hour passed—two. The technicians were worried. A farmer stopped at the roadside and watched the preparations. He turned to Jordan.

"So many instruments—so many people," he said. "And all to look at Venus!"

Venus—the morning star well known to the people of the Swiss Alps—had been mistaken by a score of experts for the stratosphere balloon. Instruments were thrown into the cars and the party established a new speed record across the Alps to Desenzano on Lake Garda where the balloon had landed. But Professor Piccard was already in bed and asleep. In the morning Jordan persuaded him to describe his flight to the American public, but asked him to make no mention of the morning star.

A call came to Switzerland telling of riots in Paris. The next day Jordan was in the French capital. He rented one of the few available taxicabs and cruised through the streets of Paris. America received an eyewitness account of the riots. You may remember the quiet voice that told the story. It was that of Jordan, who had been crouching on the floor of the taxi watching the excitement with one eye—the other tightly closed by a stone that had come through a window.

BUT it is all a part of his trade—his business of sending things from Europe you would like to hear. And that is the eternal quest—"What do they want? What would interest them?" Jordan thought of Vesuvius, a broadcast of an eruption. Italian engineers laughed at the idea and claimed it was impossible. That started him off for Italy.

He ordered a portable transmitter sent to him from America, hired an army of workmen to run cables from Naples to the rim of the volcano, wrapped a few microphones with asbestos, and waited.

When Vesuvius grumbled, Jordan grabbed a microphone, shielded his face from the heat, and climbed over the rim. Below him red lava was spilling from the center of the eruptive cone, twisting streams of molten rock that bubbled and hissed in counterpoint to the rumblings of the mountain. Dense clouds of smoke and gas belched upward. Jordan wedged the tripod of the mike in the rock and scrambled back over the ledge. Four other mikes were put in place and the broadcast started.

"You are now listening to an eruption of Vesuvius," said an announcer in New York City.

There was a blare of sound that grew to a deafening roar. A broad stream of smoking lava swallowed the first microphone placed a moment before by Jordan. Others were more fortunate and were out of the paths of

by BORDEN CHASE

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

the fluid rock. The show went on for fifteen minutes, with hissings and strange noises that came from the mountain.

Back in the observatory after the broadcast, an engineer, who had suggested faking the broadcast earlier, asked Jordan if the American public would appreciate the fact that they had heard an actual eruption.

"They take that for granted," said Jordan. "They know we don't fake—we can't!"

A broadcast from the catacombs illustrates that point. Jordan had arranged with a select Benedictine choir to present liturgical music from one of the tomb chambers beneath the churches. An American bishop who is an expert on early Christian history happened to be in Rome, and Jordan asked him to make the necessary explanations. The broadcast was a decided success and the response from listeners in America was tremendous. But one editor doubted. He wrote: "Of course that program did not come from the catacombs proper. It came from above the catacombs—that is, from one of the churches which were built on top of the ancient meeting places of the early Christians."

JORDAN referred him to the bishop. In the next issue there was a retraction. But Jordan didn't read it. He was busy in Oberammergau preparing to broadcast the Passion Play. Then a speech by Mussolini and one from Hitler.

And now the natural question is, Why do the broadcasters spend time and money for programs that cannot be commercialized? The answer is simple: It's your air. You own it. You, the people of America, own the wave lengths above your country. The broadcasting companies realize this fact and in return for the use of this commodity they do their utmost to please you. What do you want? What would you like to hear? If it's in Europe, Africa, Asia—anywhere—in all probability Max Jordan will go chasing off to put it on the air. Tall, quiet, unassuming—this typical American business man has brought you the news from dozens of foreign countries and of an equal number of pioneering enterprises. The Philippine Clipper, the Normandie, Queen Mary, a broadcast from the airship Hindenburg—you heard the plain unvarnished story of each. Jordan made his contacts, set up his microphone, and usually decided to make the trip himself, as in the case of the Hindenburg. Detail and censor trouble are part of his routine; and as for expenditures—

NBC's budget for international broadcasts amounts to some $300,000 each year. Short-wave facilities between New York and any European transmitter cost $180 for a period of ten minutes. Access to continental Europe must often be gained over lines that are not satisfactory, and in order to secure clear reception in America, special engineering service must be hired in addition to the short-wave service—a thousand and one expenses. But America wants to listen in on Europe, and Jordan is in the market for a quarter of a million dollars' worth of sound.

Today the American companies are sending eight hours of European broadcasting to the United States in return for each hour Europe receives from us.

What do Europeans like to hear from America? Jordan has asked them and their replies were rather hazy. Some wanted to hear the roar of Niagara Falls, the pipe organ in the Mormon Tabernacle, Hollywood, cowboy songs and barn dances. Jordan sent these things along over the air waves and then went in search of more European novelties for America. And last Christmas he achieved what he considers his masterpiece.

It was the story of Christmas—a one-hour program that took him from one end of Europe to the other. The hour was split into twelve five-minute periods, with the first devoted to songs by the peasants in the Shepherds' Field near Bethlehem. Next, a microphone caught the bells of the Church of the Holy Nativity in Bethlehem. Then over to Egypt, where another microphone was placed beneath the Mataria Tree where Mary and Joseph rested on their flight into Egypt. The fourth period was in Rome, and the music of the Abruzzi mountain pipers drifted through the air waves to America. Assisi followed—a broadcast by the Franciscan monks from beside the original crib of the Christ. North to Oslo, where children sang Norwegian carols from the oldest wooden church in the world, built in the twelfth century. A countryside service from London—organ music from Notre Dame in Paris—across the ocean to the oldest church in America at St. Augustine, Florida, and at last to the nation's capital at Washington.

And now Max Jordan is off to Europe again in search of broadcasts for the coming year. He wants to teach history by radio—teach it from the very places where the events took place. A broadcast from the Pyramids in Egypt—from the Acropolis at Athens—the Coliseum of Rome—on through the ages to Waterloo, Gettysburg, Château-Thierry. Listen and learn!

THE END

Vox Pop

Explaining Who Was First President of the U. S. A.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—With respect to Cyril Watson's amazing discovery (July 25 Vox Pop) that John Hanson was the first English-born President of the United States—or at least served in that particular office prior to George Washington—I desire to inform him and his ill-advised readers that the United States of America did not exist prior to the year 1789, at which time the Constitution went into effect and George Washington was elected President of the United States of America.

Before the first United States Presidential election in 1789 there existed several Continental Congresses of America (one each year, dating from 1774) made up of representatives of the various colonies. A gentleman by the name of John Hanson from Maryland served as a president of the Continental Congress of 1781 to 1782.

It is obvious that Cyril Watson's mistake lies in the fact that he had failed to discriminate between an unsettled, haphazard colonization in America at a time when doubt as to actual independence still existed, and the eventual union of the states with a centralized federal government under the title of the United States of America. As a matter of fact, England did not concede the independence of the American settlers until the year 1783—and England knows her stuff; does she not, Mr. Watson?

If I am wrong, my dear Watson, just blame it all on the Encyclopaedia Britannica—even that was English-born.—*Edmond LeRoy DeWick.*

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—Oh, no, Vox Pop. New Zealand did not discover John Hanson. Just because the Encyclopaedia Britannica states that he was an American patriot educated in England is no sign that John Hanson was British! He was a descendant of the first Swedes that settled in Delaware. And, believe me, you will hear more about John Hanson in 1938, when the three hundredth anniversary of that settlement is celebrated in Wilmington, Delaware, by all patriotic Swedes in America. —*Mrs. A. W. Holm.*

WICHITA, KAN.—John Hanson was the "First President of the United States in Congress Assembled," whilst Washington was the "First President of the United States" without the words "in Congress Assembled." In his letter Mr. Watson said: "So that makes nine British Presidents instead of eight." He should have said sixteen instead of eight; for seven Presidents succeeded John Hanson before Washington was inaugurated.—*David D. Leahy.*

GARY COOPER... BROTHAH ZEKE

NUTTER FORT, W. VA.—In August 15 Liberty J. M. Smith of Logansport, Indiana, disagreed with the statement in July 4 Liberty that The Green Pastures was the first all-colored cast production. He says his "recollection is that Hallelujah, a very fine singing picture several years ago, was entirely by all members of this race."

I just want to tell Mr. Smith that I saw Hallelujah, and ask him if he remembers who played the part of Brothah Zeke, the young minister. It was Gary Cooper, and nobody could call that handsome man "a member of that [the colored] race."—*Mrs. J. L. N.*

SURE-FIRE WAY TO PREVENT CHEATING AT BRIDGE

RENTON, WASH.—I read the article Cheating at Bridge, in August 8 Liberty.

Now that you have printed it, why not give the *only* sure-fire way of preventing such cheating?—i. e., make it compulsory for the dealer to shuffle the pack once before passing it to his right to be cut.

That is the only sure way—as very often you have two partners working together and one always cuts on the crimp.—*Marion James.*

MR. BAIRD THOUGHT HE HAD SOMETHING BRAND-NEW

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Liberty's August 8 Short Short, The Grand Bounce, by Edwin Baird, is just plain plagiarism, and your story department is not on its toes—because this identical story was written by Eugene Manlove Rhodes several years ago. The only difference being Rhodes used a phony hundred-dollar bill instead of a thousand-dollar check.

Well, what have you to say?—*J. C. Cliff.*

CLERMONT, IA.—I'm rather surprised Ed Baird would submit a yarn which has been going the rounds since Idamae was a heifer. I first heard the damn thing at the Santa Anita race tracks in Hollywood two years ago. Last winter, at my winter Hollywood home, a friend submitted the idea again at a dinner we gave, and we spent three hours arguing as to the place of debit and credit.

And now we see it in Liberty over Ed Baird's by-line.

Still, when one sees a seasoned writer by-lining a modified version of an old whiskery and hackneyed plot, one realizes how plentiful the pitfalls are. Certainly Eddie had no intention of lifting the thing. I know that. But there will be those who will not be so charitable.—*Dr. G. E. Jorgenson.*

[CHICAGO, ILL.—All I can say is, if ever a story was original with its author, that story is The Grand Bounce. The idea for the story first came to me last summer after an argument with a United States Secret Service agent from Captain Callaghan's office in Chicago. He told me of the vast amount of counterfeit money in circulation, and I argued that so long as nobody knew the difference it really didn't matter whether the money was counterfeit or genuine.

But the plot for the story didn't crystallize until a few months ago, when my wife showed me a check she had received for an etching that bore four endorsements on the back. It occurred to me then that if she endorsed this check over to a mutual friend in payment of a debt, and that friend endorsed it over to the person who had drawn the check, the drawer could tear the check up and nobody would have lost a penny.

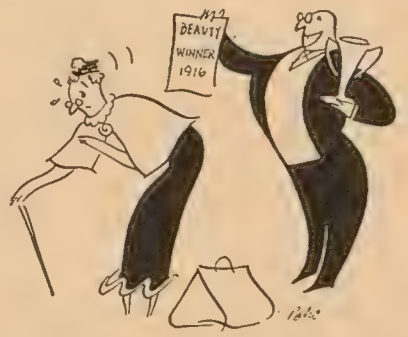
I thought I had something brand-new and original, and it's quite a shock now to be told that the idea isn't original at all. The experience is novel and a bit startling.

However, before Liberty had been on the stands three days I had a number of telegrams, letters, and telephone calls from persons who had read the story, and to all of them, at least, it was a fresh idea. One chap even suggested that we start bouncing checks around in the manner I described, so that we could all live and pay our debts without money!—*Edwin Baird.*]

A SAD, SAD STORY

PUEBLO, COLO.—Liberty's contests are fun and I enjoy entering them, but (here the orchestra plays Hearts and Flowers as the scene changes) my children grow up and marry, the mortgage on the old home is foreclosed, and I totter over the hill to the poorhouse.

Then it is discovered that twenty years ago I won a prize in one of the contests, enough to have saved the home, but Liberty never got around to announcing it! What's the matter, Liberty—short of help?—*Mrs. Betty Hall.*



AN ORCHID FOR PRINCESS K.

PANAMA CITY, R. P.—Liberty is educational as well as interesting; but most of all I have enjoyed very much the writings of Princess Alexandra Kropotkin.

Liberty is surely to be congratulated for having such prominent contributors to its pages.—*C. E. Clarke.*

AUGUST 8 AMATEUR PAGE PRIZE WINNERS

The $25 first prize goes to Kay Limerick of Rock Falls, Illinois, for her quip. Second prize of $10 goes to Don Hale of Phoenix, Arizona, for his cartoon. Three awards of $5 each go to F. W. Hausmann of Atlanta, Georgia, for his quip; to M. Genevieve Sennett of East Syracuse, New York, for her poem; and to H. Lawrence Hoffman of Providence, Rhode Island, for his jingle.

A MUCH NEEDED CORRECTION

ROWLAND, NEV.—Now, Dr. Luther Gable, in your effort to make your "leetle" joke, do not, I beg, pin such a blunder on to a church worker (August 1 Vox Pop).

The Immaculate Conception was not, as you think, the virgin birth of Christ, but that Mary the mother of God was born into this world free from the stain of original sin.—*Naomi S. Scott.*

RIGHT AND WRONG PIPS

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In re Hell in the Holy Land, by Lowell Thomas:

Why does your artist persist in depicting a British army captain wearing the rank insignia of a lieutenant (leftenant)?

Does he not know that a lieutenant wears two "pips" on his sleeve cuff and a captain wears *three* "pips"?

A fine story of a very bloody phase of the World War, but was it worth the slaughter?—*Charles H. Dallow.*

"THE CATS THAT LAUGHED"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your latest "dark star" story, The Cats that Laughed Like Lovers (August 15 Liberty), is certainly the cats' meow! Having gone through the issue once and picking it up again one afternoon, I was pleasantly surprised to come across this tale, which at first reading escaped my attention.

I therefore take a moment of your time to say that "dark star" seems to me not to be a suitable description of stories of this series. Better by far would be "bright star stories." This of course is but a suggestion. Here's hoping you continue to publish tales of this fantastic type. They refresh one.—*Joseph Dunphy, Taximan.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—In August 15 Liberty you published a story called The Cats that Laughed Like Lovers, and asked what your readers thought of it. For myself, I think it is a horrible and certainly "fantastic" story. If such pieces are known as "dark star stories," then the darker they are kept, the better for the general public.

I don't want to give up reading Liberty but I should be glad to see some good wholesome continued stories.—*Mrs. T. D. L.*

EAGLE BAY, N. Y.—Give us lots more like The Cats that Laughed Like Lovers. Perhaps you'll unearth something as fine as Kipling's They. If anybody doesn't like 'em, let him leave 'em alone. It seems the more people don't like anything the more sure they are to read it, especially in Liberty.—*L. K. Howard.*

SECURITY . . . GARGOYLE LAUGH

DETROIT, MICH.—Just read Mr. Macfadden's August 15 editorial and again I want to compliment him on his straightforward thinking.

If every voter appearing at the polls in November could thoroughly understand his thoughts as given in this editorial there would be no question with regard to the future of our government. If this editorial, We All Want Security—Present and Future, could be reprinted and delivered to the voters and thoroughly impressed upon their minds, it would settle the entire question.—*Al Barber.*

WORTHINGTON, MINN.—I have been wondering for quite a while now just why Liberty discontinued its corner devoted to bright sayings of children, but have come to the conclusion—after reading Mr. Macfadden's August 15 editorial—that the kiddies have too much competition.

That paragraph, "And until the present administration came into power there was no doubt in the minds of our citizens as to the dependability of the security offered by banks—" would make a concrete gargoyle laugh.—*Mabel M. Frecking.*

REGARDS TO HARDTACK

CLOSTER, N. J.—Say, that little kid Hardtack is kinda cute. I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine.

Vox Pop I turn to first. Keep up the good work and give my regards to the kid.—*Mrs. J. F. Mackey.*

"HARDTACK"

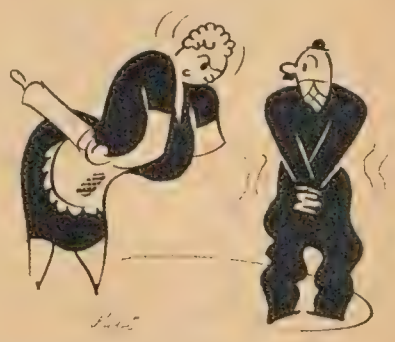
"Have we seen the picture, Hardtack?"

TWO DAYS' NIGHTMARE

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Trouble, trouble—that's all Liberty ever causes me. I buy your magazine every Wednesday morn and carry it to work with me. I read it in about two days' spare time and then carry it home. But those two days are a hectic nightmare in every week.

Every time I go home for a meal I am met by my wife with the same query: "Did you bring home the new Liberty?" followed by a seemingly unending string of unladylike words when I answer in the negative.

Maybe some of the Vox Poppers can give me an idea, but it looks like I'm either gonna have to increase the circulation of Liberty by one sale or get a divorce.—*Jimmie Warner.*



ST. LUKE'S, NOT PAULIST

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—May I please call your attention to an error in the Vital Statistics on the picture San Francisco? There is no Paulist Choir in Long Beach. The boy choir heard in the church scene is a group of boys from St. Luke's Choristers of Long Beach, who also sang for A Tale of Two Cities, Midsummer Night's Dream, and Bright Eyes, and who have recently recorded several numbers for M-G-M's Romeo and Juliet. The boy soloist is Allen Churchill, who sang Adeste Fideles in A Tale of Two Cities. The entire choir of sixty boys and men is now doing the cathedral scenes in Green Light at Warner Brothers.—*William Ripley Dorr, Director St. Luke's Choristers.*

WENDEL AND HALL-MILLS CASE

WILMINGTON, DEL.—I see that Paul H. Wendel did some investigating for Ellis H. Parker, Sr., in the Hall-Mills case. This case would make good reading in your magazine if you could get Paul Wendel to tell your readers something about both the Wendel and the Hall-Mills cases.

Let us have some real stories from Wendel. He is a good writer and has had experience in law and science.—*C. O'Connor.*

TEXAS PENITENTIARY

TULSA, OKLA.—Your issue of August 15 re Alcatraz says, "Lucas . . . escaped from Huntington, Texas, prison."

The Texas penitentiary is located at Huntsville. Please have your writers brush up on their geography.—*I. M. Board.*

STARTLING FOOTBALL

FOUR GREAT COACHES

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

"MAKING a touchdown," Knute Rockne once told us, " is a simple matter. First of all you get that ball into scoring territory . . ."

This business of getting into scoring territory is what gives coaches gray hair. The teams that get in there most are the ones that are going to win games.

The two in the East that I expect will be battering away at the goal lines the most are Princeton and Pittsburgh.

Princeton was unbeaten last year. Fritz Crisler loses a lot of crack men through graduation. But shed no tears for the poor old Tiger. He will have high-class substitutes galore and a corps of dandy freshmen coming up. This year it again will be dangerous to grab the Tiger by the tail. One dare not let go.

Pittsburgh, always a powerhouse, will once more have its generators working overtime. Shedlosky, LaRue, Kliskey, and a few more top men will depart, but Jock Sutherland has not seen his team lose to any Eastern club in eight years. He may make it nine.

Despite my own high personal regard for the eminent Dr. Sutherland, I really would like to see that record snapped—when Pitt plays Fordham, of course. I don't want to stick my chin out too far but I really believe that Fordham is going to have a mighty fine team. The line will be good, but all hope of success depends on the backfield.

Another eleven with tremendous possibilities will be Penn. The Quakers looked almost invincible before the start of last season and yet unaccountably lost game after game. Coach Harvey Harman will have his old backfield intact and should have a strong line as well. If so, then watch its smoke.

Holy Cross, like Penn, has some of the best material of any college in the East. The Cross should be faster than it has been in the past, since the new men coming up are smaller and speedier than the lumbering giants Coach Eddie Anderson had to work with his first few years.

Those five teams, then—Princeton, Pitt, Fordham, Penn, and Holy Cross—look to be the potential Eastern leaders. But football is such an unpredictable sport that I guarantee nothing. Now let us take a look at what is left without attempting to rank the various elevens.

Yale will be better than it has been in recent years.

Colgate apparently is not as good as it once was. The Red Raiders slipped a bit last season, but one should never make the mistake of selling Andy Kerr short. The shrewd little Scot is one of the best coaches in the business, and if any one is going to pull a raging tiger out of a hat instead of the usual mild rabbit, then the magician from Hamilton, New York, is the man to perform the trick.

Red Blaik is starting his third year at Dartmouth, Dick Harlow his second at Harvard, and Carl Snavely his first at Cornell. All three schools should show definite improvement over 1935.

Dartmouth has been coming along slowly but very surely, as Blaik has built up right from the bottom. Watch the Hanover Indians improve this year. Harvard had such a sad season in the last campaign that the only direction left for the Crimson to go is up. Harlow is too good a coach to be kept down long.

As for Cornell, one should not expect any wonder team for another year or two. The Ithacans had one of the best freshman teams in the East last season. They will be green sophomores this time who will some day carry Cornell's new deal back to the top.

The two service teams will be strong as usual. Navy showed up very well in spring practice, and Army still has the versatile and elusive Monk Meyer to give it two strikes on the opposition right at the start.

Lou Little's Columbia Lions were too inexperienced and too short on man power last season, but with the addition of experience and a fine lot of freshmen should do considerably better.

Graduation has stripped New York University of much of its varsity talent and it will start off by butting its head against the stone wall of Ohio State. But I expect Mal Stevens's young men to surprise every one, even though its schedule is much harder and its final record may not be so good.

Chick Meehan should have his best Manhattan team in the history of the school. Martin Glickman may be the making of Syracuse; while Carnegie Tech, sophomores a year ago, should be better.

Temple has been moving steadily up the line under the astute Pop Warner.

Boston College under Gil Dobie, Lafayette under Ernie Nevers, and Villanova under Clipper Smith will have new coaches, and it is pretty early now to pass judgment on them. Catholic University, Georgetown, Williams, Penn State, Duquesne, and George Washington have been making progress in recent years. Watch them all. Brown and Lehigh have little to offer, however, while Bucknell and West Virginia will be strong as usual.

That is what a study of the Eastern situation in the crystal ball reveals. But I have some vague recollection of reading the line that " A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

So you never can tell!

JIM CROWLEY

EAST

picks PRINCETON

TO COME . . . PROPHESY

Four of the Country's Greatest Coaches Predict a Thrilling Season, Pick Their Favorites, and Tell You Why

ALWAYS a hotbed for experimentation, the Pacific Coast is about to sally forth on a new adventure in football. The alleged Pacific Coast Conference has been made into an honest-to-goodness league, and, if you'll permit me to borrow a phrase from the real-estate boys, the possibilities are unlimited.

Prior to this season the Pacific Coast Conference included ten school members: Stanford, California, Southern California, U. C. L. A., Oregon, Oregon State, Washington, Washington State, Idaho, and Montana. Each member team was required to play only four of its nine conference rivals each year. Moreover, there was nothing arbitrary about which four teams each member scheduled. It was a laissez-faire system of help yourself, with the big schools requiring no help and the smaller ones virtually helpless.

The new plan, drafted last December, calls for a round-robin schedule of seven games between the eight strongest members of the conference, and provides the Pacific Coast Conference with its first real competitive race in history.

California, Stanford, and Southern California have had to drop some traditional games with nonconference opponents because of the new seven-game schedule. In most instances these cast-off rivals were more their equals than some of their new conference foes appear to be.

But first, let's classify the Pacific Coast teams into groups and then go into a little detail about each of them. The teams in each group are reckoned as equal.

Group One: California; Southern California.

Group Two: Washington; Stanford; St. Mary's.

Group Three: Washington State; Santa Clara; U. C. L. A.

Group Four: Gonzaga; Oregon; Oregon State; Idaho; Loyola; San Francisco; College of Pacific; Montana.

California, co-champions with Stanford and U. C. L. A. of the conference last year, is definitely one of the teams to beat. Coach Leonard B. "Stub" Allison in his first year as head man at California turned out the best Golden Bear eleven since the "wonder teams" of the early 1920s. From that team only three regulars are missing—the Brittingham brothers, a fine pair of ends, and Larry Lutz, All-Coast tackle. I believe that strength of lines determines championship teams, and the Bears are three deep in this department. No line is stronger than the men who back it up, and California's two equipotent backfields of last year are still intact. I think the California Bears should be rated the favorites to represent the Far West in the annual Rose Bowl classic.

My top ranking of the University of Southern California will no doubt be a shock to a great many Far Western fans, as Howard Jones and his Trojans have just concluded two disastrous seasons. But last year's Trojan freshman team was far and away the best yearling outfit in this sector, crushing all opposition in a manner reminiscent of Howard Jones's greatest elevens. In addition to his crack sophomores, Jones will also have such stalwart veterans as Davey Davis, Nick Pappas, and Glen Thompson in the backfield, and Max Belko, Bill Gaisford, and Gil Kuhn in the line.

The team to watch in the conference race is Jimmy Phelan's Washington Huskies. Only three men are missing from last year's able outfit that shouldered over everybody but Stanford and California.

Because of the loss of the entire first team at Stanford, little is expected of Tiny Thornhill's Indians this year.

Our St. Mary's team will be green but good. We lost sixteen men, including eight regulars, from the varsity squad through graduation. However, the same thing has happened many times before, and yet St. Mary's has a twelve-year average of not losing more than two games a year. If the new Galloping Gaels maintain that record, fine!

Washington State under Coach Orin "Babe" Hollingbery has won more conference championships than any other Northern team. The Cougars had a good season last year and all but four of the regular players are back.

Santa Clara's new coach, Buck Shaw, inherits a squad badly decimated by graduation. Nevertheless the returning veterans gave him a high-class nucleus around which to build. Nello Falaschi and Don DeRosa are two blue-ribbon backs, and Phil Daugherty, Bus McGee, and Francis Cope have held their own with the best linemen.

U. C. L. A. has lost all of its stars except center Sherman Chavoor, and I doubt if its team can go through a hard schedule to rate at the top.

Gonzaga has quite a reputation up in the Northwest as little giant-killer and Coach Mike Pecarovich reports his best-ever team coming up.

Oregon, with most of last year's players back, has the edge on the rest of the teams in the lower group.

Practically all the Far Western elevens will feature powerful line-smashing attacks with a mixture of tricky spinner plays and aerial maneuvers to round out their lines of offense. But whatever the situation, the West may be counted upon to furnish their end of thrills for the nation's gridiron fans.

COACHES MORRISON AND STUHLDREHER GIVE THEIR PREDICTIONS FOR THE SOUTH AND MIDWEST ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

"SLIP" MADIGAN

WEST picks CALIFORNIA

THE three distinct divisions of Southern football —the Southeastern Conference, the Southern Conference, and the Southwest Conference—each has an excellent chance to furnish a team that may gain national recognition in 1936.

That, I take it, is not a surprising statement, for in a football way it's really true what they say about Dixie. Within the past few years this section has supplied some of the country's outstanding elevens.

The Southwest actually hit its peak last season when Southern Methodist University and Texas Christian ranked in the top five of the nation and wound up their campaigns with fine performances in the Rose Bowl and Sugar Bowl respectively.

In looking at prospects for the coming season, again the boys from the wide-open spaces may have to be reckoned with, for they play a wide-open style of game down here and anything can happen at any time.

S. M. U., coached by Matty Bell, lost seventeen men from the championship squad, and all the regulars are gone except Johnny Sprague, a fine blocking back. However, there are capable replacements headed by Bob Finley, whom I regard as the best passer and punter in the Southwest. Too, a good freshman team is coming up that includes most of the backfield men from the championship Amarillo high-school team of two years ago.

I believe Texas Christian will be just as strong as last year, for their ace back, Sammy Baugh, is returning. He is a great all-round player.

The Texas Aggies should have the best team that has represented that institution in ten years. Dick Todd, a sophomore this fall, was the most sensational triple-threat man Texas high schools have developed. A big boy named Lindsey is a wonderful tackle.

Arkansas will be in the running with a marvelous passer in Robbins. Despite the loss of Wallace and McCauley, Rice again will be a threat.

Except for a murderous intersectional schedule that includes a game with Minnesota, the University of Texas might place near the top. Jack Chevigny is depending a lot on Jay Arnold, giant fullback.

Baylor will not have a great team, but Morley Jennings manages to knock off some of the big boys.

One of the toughest leagues in football is what we call the Big Thirteen or Southeastern Conference.

For the past several years the conference has been dominated by Alabama, Louisiana State, Tennessee, and Vanderbilt.

For the 1936 season the strength is more equal, and I would not be surprised at all to see the champion come from the group outside the Big Four. Of those, probably Auburn, Mississippi State, Kentucky, and Georgia Tech have the best chance.

Auburn lost only two games in 1935, and both by thin margins. They return nine regulars, including Walter Gilbert, one of the best centers in the country, and a great running back in Billy Hitchcock. And there is a stout freshman squad that enjoyed a thorough spring practice.

Kentucky, most of us believe, is just finding itself and may prove to be the Big Thirteen's most improved team.

Georgia Tech boasts about the best all-round backfield in the South in Sims, Konnemann, Hays, and Appleby, all juniors. They have power and speed.

Major Ralph Sasse has developed Mississippi State into one of the most dangerous of Big Thirteen teams. Bobby Thames, a quarterback wizard, the Armstrong-Walters passing combination, and the well known Ike Pickle, a driving halfback, are returning.

The University of Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, and Tulane may score a few upsets on the favored ones. Sewanee hardly can expect any conference victories.

As for the erstwhile Big Four, the defending champion, Louisiana State, is favored with a wealth of material, especially in the backfield. Again Bernie Moore can present two teams of near-equal strength with two fine linemen in end Tinsley and center Stewart.

Alabama, relying on power and blessed with big boys, is a team always hard to beat. Frank Thomas and his assistants will have another well rounded outfit this year, but will miss All-American Riley Smith. I think the Tide squad, with fine reserves, will be around the top.

Tennessee faces a hard season in its tough schedule.

My own team, Vanderbilt, hardly will be as strong generally, but possibly will be better offensively and in the air. We will miss Dixon, our punter, and Geny, a wonderful end, who graduated with a dozen others. We must depend quite a lot on ball handling and finesse for our scoring, and of course those are unpredictable.

Looking at the Big Thirteen as a whole, it would not be surprising to see a tie for the championship, or the team finishing on top suffering from a loss or tie game.

The addition of six schools to membership in the Southern Conference is not expected to make much difference in the battle for the 1936 championship.

Of the six—Furman and Citadel in South Carolina, Wake Forest and Davidson in North Carolina, and Richmond and William and Mary in Virginia, only Furman may surprise us.

I WOULD bracket Duke, North Carolina, and North Carolina State as the three strongest teams in the conference. These three could give trouble to any team in the South, but as a unit the Southern Conference is weaker than either the Big Thirteen or the Southwest circuit.

Hunk Anderson, using Notre Dame stuff at North Carolina State, has a junior team that seems ready. Two bruising backs, Eddie Berlinski and Cowboy Robinson, are his best bets.

North Carolina will be laboring under a new coach, Raymond (Bear) Wolf, who has to develop a practically new team. However, the material is fairly good, with a pair of excellent ends in Buck and Bershak.

Despite the loss of three regular backs and the entire left side of the line, Duke will present a formidable team with an offensive built around Ace Parker and a young speedster named Hackey who was a reserve last year. This pair can make an ordinary line look great.

It's an immense territory, the South. The brand of football played in this section has improved amazingly in the past fifteen years. We have every style of play from Notre Dame to Warner to the old modified punt formation, and back again. We coaches are fortunate in getting high-spirited boys who respond wonderfully in competition.

This year I look for no superteams from Dixie, but a class of football that will stack up with any in the nation.

RAY MORRISON

SOUTH

picks SOUTHERN METHODIST

THEY play football for keeps in the Middle West, spectators and players alike. They've got to have the best, and each year they're not far out of line.

It is impossible to pick any team out as the number one unit. They are so close in all-round strength that it would be unfair. This necessitates my picking them in groups.

Regardless of conference, I wish to choose them as to section. The first group has Minnesota, Ohio State, and Nebraska. Their schedules are difficult, which means a dogfight each week.

Minnesota travels to the Northwest to the University of Washington, the opening game. The latter is reported to have a dark horse coming up. The next week the Gophers return to play Nebraska, and therein lies a season's schedule in itself. My impression is that Minnesota will drop either one of the two, breaking its long winning streak of a couple of years. If they come through with two victories, they have them all stopped.

Minnesota has lost some good boys from its 1935 champion team. Of course this has happened in other years, but it never seems to make much difference. The return of the halfback Julie Alfonse, ineligible last fall, will help a lot. The giant Widseth, who has played great ball, the last two years at tackle, is of truly All-American caliber. A converted guard, Wilkinson, to the quarterback position will give the Gopher backfield its heralded blocking. Parkinson will fill the other tackle spot left vacant by Smith, last year's All-American.

This line will again be flanked by those two veteran ends, King and Reed. The backfield is not as strong as that of last year. Beise, the fullback, will be missed. His loss through graduation will cause Bernie Bierman to change his style of play. The power attack is to be replaced by a speed attack. Thompson, the triple-threat veteran, will again be the key man. Watch two sophomores, Allen Rock, guard, and Myers, halfback.

One of the most colorful teams, year in and year out, is Ohio State. This year's edition will be no exception. "Jumping Joe" Williams will be more damaging than ever. Williams is the spark plug so necessary for any good team. If he has a good year, so will Ohio State.

Good ends and a wonderful backfield will carry Nebraska along with the leaders. In Lloyd Cardwell and Sam Francis are two of the best backfield performers in the country. McDonald, Shirley, and Brock will form the nucleus of the line.

The second group finds Purdue, Notre Dame, Illinois, Northwestern, Marquette, Indiana, and Oklahoma.

Line trouble might cause Purdue some concern. But what a backfield—Stalcup, quarterback, halfbacks Isbell and Gannon, and Drake at fullback have what is needed. Injuries last season retarded their progress.

I look for Purdue to come up with one of its usual strong lines. If so they will be on or near the top.

Notre Dame lost more than its share of star performers; but there are several good boys coming along that will help. Zwers and O'Neill are two good ends. Wilkie, Wojcihovski, Danbom, and Millner have had plenty of experience in the backfield. Guard and tackle positions will be strong again. If a capable center is found, Elmer Layden will surprise a lot of critics.

I understand that Illinois now has the weight and speed it has been looking for. Bob Zuppke's teams are always tricky and dangerous. Spurgeon and Henry are two nifty backs. Captain Sayre at the center position will aid greatly in steadying the whole team.

All in all, I feel that Illinois is due to go places. I would pick them on their spirit.

Lynn Waldorf has his system under way at Northwestern. With Heap and Geyer in the backfield and Reid at guard, the Wildcats will cause many a stir.

Marquette is due for its biggest year. Buivid, the Guepe twins, Sonnenberg, and Cuff take care of all departments of the game especially well. Marquette lost only one game last year, and should have no trouble duplicating that feat or even bettering it.

Indiana gets stronger and stronger. Huffman and Davis, steady backfield aces, will again carry the weight.

Oklahoma will furnish plenty of tough opposition.

Michigan, Kansas State, Iowa, Detroit, Michigan State, and Creighton come next.

Ineligibility has taken some of the Michigan stars, but in spite of that Harry Kipke feels that there will be an improvement.

Leo Ayers, three-way All-Conference quarterback, should bring Kansas State back to the championship class.

Iowa still has Ossie Simmons. Injuries have slowed him up in the middle of the last two campaigns. All agree that he is one of the best.

DETROIT and Michigan State must rebuild. There are, however, boys on both squads who have had experience as reserves that will move things along. The job of filling the shoes of Kinsey Jones, quarterback, will be Detroit's biggest problem.

Michigan State has four good men on whom to depend. Odeth, halfback, Dahlgren, guard, Brandstatter, fullback, and Zindel, tackle, will add poise to the inexperienced newcomers.

The cellar league will be Chicago, Kansas, and Wisconsin.

Chicago has lost Berwanger—a team in himself. There is a possibility that the present team will fare better, now that it can't depend on him.

With too large a squad of green material, Kansas doesn't expect much.

Let me see—we now have Wisconsin. The present squad cannot cope with the competition it will meet. It is learning a new style and that will take time. The boys are willing, however, and that is encouraging.

John Golemgeske, Edward Christianson, Paul Jensen, and Robert Grinde will make the tackle position strong. Ed Jankowski is a crackajack fullback and some other boys coming along may help. The team as a whole should slowly improve over the course of the season.

Our position at Wisconsin may be likened to the poodle at the dog show. At the entrance to this very swanky affair, the dogs had to register. There was a thoroughbred going through this formality, and next in line was a puny mongrel. The blue-ribbon winner looked around and in a haughty tone asked, "You certainly don't expect to win any prizes, do you?"

"No," the mongrel replied; "but I'll be in very good company!"

THE END

HARRY STUHLDREHER

MIDWEST

picks MINNESOTA

"Sara, I can give you what you need. Two or three happy years — or the rest of your life."

ALMOST immediately after Emmie Stockton becomes Mrs. Rod Gill she is piqued at Stan Freeman for not kissing her when the other men guests at the wedding did. To Sara Boyd, who is in love with Stan, the bride's attitude means that Emmie still cherishes a secret yen for him. It rankles all the more because Emmie is rich and has everything she wants, while Sara's family has lost all their money and she has been forced to become a model in Jen Riley's swanky dress shop.

However, Stan Freeman, poor as herself, proposes to Sara soon after the Stockton-Gill nuptials, and they too are married and settle down to bliss-for-two in a cheap but pretty little flat. Stan expects a good raise in the spring and is busy on an invention that promises a fortune.

But their paradise is not left untroubled. Returning from her honeymoon, Emmie finds all sorts of excuses and opportunities to be with Stan, ostensibly seeking his assistance in straightening out her new husband, who drinks heavily. Then Fred Robley, a millionaire cousin of Emmie, enters the domestic picture and tries his philandering arts on Sara.

Stan and Sara, each of them burning with jealousy, quarrel and make it up repeatedly. Their nerves are on edge. Both stubborn, they continue their dangerous flirtations with Emmie and Fred Robley respectively. Sara even consents to visit her amorous admirer alone in his luxurious home. He urges her to divorce Stan, but she is not to be rushed into that.

Word comes that Emmie has gone to Florida for *her* divorce. In due time it is granted. One evening a telegram to Stan is read over the phone to Sara. It is from Emmie, asking him, as agreed, to meet her at the train arriving from Miami.

READING TIME
23 MINUTES
22 SECONDS

Hot and Wayward Hearts!—How Will Love Find Its Own in This Hopeless Tangle? Now Comes the Darkest Hour

Wife Trouble

by WALLACE IRWIN

PART SIX—
NO TURNING BACK

"THANK you," said Sara in the voice of the dead, and hung up. She didn't know how she got to the living room, or how Stan happened to be standing there. His face was bright with the evening air. He sniffed and said, "Gosh, something smells good!" Then, because she said nothing, his brows came down behind his glasses and he asked:

"Sara, what's wrong now?"

"You tell me. I just took a telegram for you. Emmie's coming back on the seven fourteen." His startled look gave her an angry gladness. "Emmie wants you to meet the train, the way you said you would. I didn't take it down, word for word. I didn't have a pencil."

She turned stiffly and went toward the hall, but he blocked her way. "My God, Sara, are you making a melodrama out of this?"

"No. Only I'm through. I can't stand any more."

"Do you think you're the only one who has to stand things?" His eyes were smoldering coals.

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES BRYSON

in a Frank Novel of Modern Marriage

"Your selfishness—" she began, and let him cut in.

"That so? Because I can't pile you with a lot of furs, and give you three Rolls-Royces—"

"Just try to be fair." Woodenly. "I've done all I could to help you get ahead. You couldn't even keep your temper. You threw away your job. I could have stood that. But I won't stand Emmie any more. Now run along to her. You might be late. And take that job from her father. It doesn't make any difference to me what you do."

They didn't raise their voices.

"I'm not going to argue any more about Emmie," he said. "Where did you get *your* job? I ask you."

"Fred Robley introduced me to Jen Riley, if that gives you any satisfaction. But I work for every cent I make, do you understand? Jen Riley wouldn't let me go, if I asked her—"

"You know why? Do you?" His awful white smile. "You know that Fred Robley bought a share in Jen's business, just to get you a job?"

"That's a lie!" Her voice was going up, almost a scream. "If you want to believe all the nasty things—all the lies— Oh, get out! Go along. Now! Go!"

Savagely he tore at the doorknob, brutally he slammed the door.

That's how things end, she thought.

Then, in a rush of blood, life came back to her. The telephone was almost at her elbow. She yanked at the receiver and had to dial twice before she got Fred Robley's house. His voice came, muffled; he was having a party, she guessed.

"Fred, you asked me to come to you if anything— Fred, you're the one I want to see now."

His tone was hurried, caressing. "Sara, I'm so sorry —I'm so glad. I knew you'd come to me, my dear. Can you be at Hennessy's, say, in half an hour?"

It was a little past ten by a drugstore clock when she came to Hennessy's canopied entrance. Fred, smiling and personable in his evening clothes, waited inside the door. Not till she saw him there did she finally make up her mind to marry him.

At Fred's special table, magically Fred's very special champagne was poured.

"Take some right away, Sara." Fred's look was quick with sympathy.

Obediently she drank it down. Then, "Fred, is it true you bought a share of Jen's store just to give me a job?"

For a second he was taken aback, then his smooth reassurance, "It's the best investment I ever made, dollar for dollar. Jen's paying me a fine dividend—in real money. It's no favor to you, Sara." His eyes searching into her. "Who's been making trouble?"

"Stan said—"

"Oh, Stan!"

She took a deep breath. "Fred, I'm through with him. We've separated."

Fred's poker face revealed nothing. He waited for a man to refill the glasses before he asked throatily, "You mean—a divorce?"

"You said it would be a good thing."

"There's no question about it." He was all alive now, handsome, eager, leaning across the table. "You've stood enough, Sara. You've got to be free of this thing. You know how much I've wanted it."

His searching gaze made her look dumbly down at her plate.

"Divorce," he said practically, "means Florida. Ninety days' residence will do it down there. Let's see. It's March nineteenth. You ought to be back here, everything settled, in June. Or you don't have to stay, except to establish residence. Just see a lawyer there, then go back for your decree. I'll connect you with the best lawyer in Miami. I'll long-distance him tonight."

"There's a good deal you have to know, isn't there?" she asked helplessly.

"I'll fix things. Sara, this is wonderful news."

She held her hands tight under the table. "Fred," she

said, "you've been so generous with me always."

"Don't be foolish, my dear. Don't you think I've wanted you to be free—from him?" His wooing eyes, holding her.

"It's a rotten tangle," she said appealingly. "Fred—"

"Yes, Sara."

"Nothing."

"If it's about expenses, don't hesitate to call on me. I'd be miserable, Sara, if I thought of you batting around queer dumps. If you want to stay a while, stay at Miami, play on the beach, see the right people." A hesitation. "But not the right man, Sara."

"No. I wouldn't think of that. I—"

"You won't stop thinking of me?" Swallowing emotionally.

"You've been so good, Fred."

"I'll write the bank that corresponds with mine. You'll find a checking account in your name."

"But I couldn't."

"It's going to hurt me terribly if you don't let me watch over you. This suit's partly mine, Sara—will you look at it that way?"

"I'll try to, Fred."

He looked at her for a long time before he spoke again. The hour had struck, she knew.

"You won't back out the last minute, Sara—the way some do?"

"No."

"For your sake—and mine too." He reached out and stroked her hand.

His expression didn't change exactly with the caress. She felt, rather than saw, the drawing back, the turnabout of Fred Robley. Queer, she felt the change in him through her nerves, her pores.

"Go tomorrow. Don't wait. And when you come back—"

He straightened up. Suddenly he was a good fatherly stockbroker, watching the board. He cleared his throat.

"When you come back, my dear, we'll find a nice young man for you."

"A what?"

"A nice young man—a rich one this time—to marry you."

"Thank you so much, Fred."

She was flushing, not with anger but with shame. When he moved to rise with her she pushed him back in his chair.

"Don't find anybody," she said, "and don't do anything about me. Let me alone—do you understand?"

She ran out into the street. She had a disgusted fear of his following her. But there were no footsteps behind her flight.

At last she found herself in Cherry Street. She had gone in a circle, that was all. Through everything, back to the beginning.

She found Stan in bed, reading one of the detective stories she had dropped.

"Been over to see your ma?" he asked damply.

"No."

"I thought you had." Yawning, showing no curiosity. Then he took up the detective story.

FUNNY, I don't want to kill him, she thought as she undressed in the bathroom, brushed her teeth systematically, put on her pajamas. I suppose the next thing to do is to make up. The same old thing. I'm going to bed with him again, and it doesn't make any great difference, one way or the other. I might sleep on the sofa. What for? That's silly, too. Just go to bed with him. That's routine.

When she lay down beside him he threw away the book and turned out the lights. She didn't flinch exactly when an arm went around her. There was no resistance in her. Nothing so definite. His breath in her ear was hot, and nothing more. She didn't answer his question, usual when they made up, "Are you still mad with me?"

His loving her was pain.

She woke to find the sun striking her eyes under the drawn shade. Stan's place beside her was empty. The flat was perfectly still.

Everything that was good was gone, she thought, staring at the wall. It was splendor, and it's lost. Who's to blame, really? That first morning at Atlantic City we thought we saw each other truly. Was there nothing there to see?

No, that was love. We were beautiful then. Now we're ugly.

We've made it up and made it up, always the same way. In bed. Like taking dope. It doesn't really help you; just quiets you. It doesn't even quiet you, after a while. It was dreadful last night. And it can be so wonderful, when it means what it should.

We've got to grow! The silent cry was moving her lips. We're losing all we ever had, just by keeping on, like stupid animals. Now I know what to do. I know! It isn't easy, but I'm not afraid! It's right!

JEN RILEY, when Sara reached her shop, was giving a salesman hail Columbia about the mess he had made of the New York order.

When he had gone, Sara said quietly, "Jen, I want to borrow some money. I'm going to get a divorce."

"Sweet harmony!" Jen hugged Sara largely. "Happy event! I knew you'd get through those measles. I'll get you a lawyer here in twenty minutes. About the money—"

Sara, who had thought about that on the way downtown, swept her eyes along rows of hanging garments.

"Jen, I don't like to borrow outright. I may never be able to pay it back. Now this is what I'd like to do for the money, if you're game. You've got bushels of clothes, like that New York order, that you don't like to show to people here. You don't have bargain sales. You can't get much from the jobbers. Now, suppose you send a collection down to me in Florida—"

"What? Try to sell that truck at Miami Beach?"

"No. I'm going to the cheapest place I can find."

"What for? It's not a life sentence. Establish residence, come home—"

"I want to stay—till it's over."

"Why?"

"It's just the way I feel—get away from people."

Jen's full brown eyes, which had been staring incredulously, brightened with tears.

"I know what you mean," she said softly. Then she hitched herself back to the business angle. "If you feel that way, I know a little town outside Palm Beach. Lake Worth. No style—" She mused a second, red fingernail against white teeth. "Hire an extra room at Lake Worth, and you can ballyhoo for a lot of this truck. Cut-rate prices. I'm backing this divorce, understand? Mingling business with pleasure. I know a couple of shysters at West Palm Beach. I'll wire the cheap one."

Sara gazed her thanks. When she could speak she said in the voice of that inner conviction that held her:

"You won't lose money on me, Jen. I know that."

Jen took her to the train that night. Sara had seen a lawyer, which was easy. Seeing her mother had been harder, because the repeated, "But what are you going to do?" had called for a dozen ingenious evasions. She hadn't told mother the train she was going on, or when.

Just a moment with Jen in the Pullman. Jen kissed her brusquely. "Good luck this time," she said, and glided away.

The train was hardly moving when Sara began thinking again. No going back now. I'm a grown woman. I won't be unhappy next time. . . .

The ninety days were almost up. Sara was in the water much of the time; or on the veranda, sinking herself in long books.

She missed the first month here when she had hung in the office the card, "Distinguished Gowns Much Reduced. Sara Freeman, Room 78." When Room 78 was open it was jammed with bargain hunters, impressed to the buying point by Sara Freeman's style. She had sold everything, practically.

There had been letters from home. Two a week from mother, always asking to come down. Occasional ones from Jen, dictated and hard as nails, but softened by penciled postscripts. Boxes of candy, cases of wine, bales of the latest books came with nothing to identify them, except the mark of Fred Robley's sumptuous taste. Two or three times he long-distanced her with messages of no

importance. Fred was comical, she thought, afraid as death of marrying her, yet keeping up this show.

She was in her bathing suit, going toward the bus in front of the Matador when she saw his exquisite pongee suit and very special panama coming out of a sleek convertible landau.

"Fred!" She ran toward him, her hands out. It was so good to see a friend again.

"Brown as a berry!" His smile was less guarded than the regular Robley smile. "And it's damned becoming."

"When'd you get down, Fred?"

"Last night. By plane. I'm at Dick Winterbawn's place—quite a party there. They've air-conditioned it so you don't mind." Then, with the disapproving look he gave dubious wine, "This your hotel? Let's get on the veranda, or we might have a sunstroke together. That would cause talk, even here."

Colored men awoke from their torpor, came running to the grandee's command, brought bottles, ice, fruit. He sent the bottles back, demanding other kinds. He knew a planter's punch from rummy lemonade, and he'd make his own. "It actually cools you," he declared, mixing. He handed one over to her. "Now don't swig it down."

"I'll sip and you'll talk," she laughed. "Why don't you take off your coat?" It was hard to imagine Fred without a coat. But when he shed it and loosened his collar, he sat back with a sigh.

"I've had you on my mind too much."

"Thanks a lot." She sipped. Then, pertly, "I suppose you've been out on the market for the nice rich young man you promised me."

"I haven't found the right one." Dully. "Everything's gone flat since you went away. I'm sorry I offended you, Sara. I was only trying to settle things for you, my dear. So that you could be yourself."

"I've never been that until I came down here."

HE leaned across the table, hungry eyes searching into her. "Sara, I can give you what you need. Two or three happy years—or the rest of your life. You can travel when you please, and have everything a woman—a woman of your fineness ought to have. You'll be a woman of the world. Any time you feel like it you can break away from me and marry—"

Something in her look lowered his eyes a second.

"You're offering me the whole cockeyed world, aren't you, my prince?"

"I'm offering you—"

"Well, it all sounds pretty cheap."

"Not in these times, Sara." Flushing, his high pride touched. "If a man loves a woman—and God knows I'm wild about you—people call her sensible when she takes a chance."

"Thanks a lot," smiled Sara, tinkling her glass. "It'll be better for you, Fred, if you jump back in that plane and fly away home."

"So you've met another man down here."

"I've met flocks, and don't know one from the other."

"But what are you going to do, Sara?" He straightened up.

"I can stump along on my poor tired feet," she gibed.

"By George, I believe you can! You've got more nerve than a London dentist." He put on his coat. "Look here"—calm and managerial—"the crowd at Dick Winterbawn's are swimming and having lunch. Dick implored me to bring you along."

"And Mrs. Winterbawn?"

"There won't be any, next week," smiled Fred.

EIGHT people, all in bathing suits, ate unconventionally in a small sea-green room, deliciously air-cooled. There had been cocktails, and there was white wine. Dick Winterbawn was paired off with a theatrical blonde. They were all paired off. Everybody there was down for a divorce, except Fred. They had bathed until they were languid, and the air was amorous.

The party broke up, drifted away, two by two. Sara was left with Fred, who had drunk sparingly, appraising the inferior quality of Dick's cellar. He showed her around the lovely house, as much as he dared, and was apologetic. "Mind my bringing you? Dick's a good sort when he's sober."

Fred stood at her shoulder. His sudden change of tone brought her to the alert.

"I'm sorry. I was crazy this morning. I want to marry you, Sara." She gave no sign. "Will you, Sara?"

She shook her head.

"That night I—you came down to Hennessy's. You wanted me then, didn't you?" she asked.

"God, how I wanted you!"

"I suppose you've been cautious like that all your life. Afraid of being tied up. Afraid of getting the worst of the bargain."

"I've been a bachelor too long, maybe. Sara, I have to settle things in my mind. Today you settled everything for me."

"The only way you can get me, you mean, is to marry me."

"Sara, don't be cruel. Maybe I'd better go back home."

His tone was so crushed that she touched his hand.

"Do as you please about that, Fred." It wasn't entirely a repulse, the way she said it. Something catlike, lurking in earth's sweetest women, modulated her tone into half an invitation.

"Do you really want me to go?"

"No. I'd love to have you around—if you'll behave."

"Very well, Sara." He shook his wide chin. "I'll stick until you're free. And then, maybe—"

He was with her every day, patient and considerate of her feelings. He was with her that Wednesday morning in the stuffy law office across from the courthouse when she became what is generally termed "free." Out in

● "Here are two sure ways to rid me of fleas."

"Powerful SKIP-FLEA POWDER kills fleas with certainty. Doesn't just *stun* them. They *stay* dead! Double-quantity, sifter-top tin costs only 25¢! Also kills ticks and lice."

"Famous SKIP-FLEA SOAP gives rich, creamy lather. Makes my skin supple, keeps my coat beautiful, soothes tender skin, destroys dog odor, KILLS EVERY FLEA! 25¢ for big cake."

Your dog deserves the best. Sergeant's Products have been Standard since 1879. Made of the finest ingredients. Every product Guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. Our veterinarian will answer questions about your dog's health. Please write fully.

Free Dog Book. Write for your FREE COPY of Sergeant's famous book on the care of dogs. It may save your dog's life.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1510 W. BROAD STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Sergeant's

SKIP-FLEA SOAP AND POWDER

ASK FOR FREE DOG BOOK

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—FREE

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine
63rd year in business. . . Write today!
F.J. CHENEY & CO. Dept. 49, TOLEDO, O.

CORNS LIFT OUT THIS EASY QUICK WAY!

INSTANT RELIEF!

It takes but a *minute* for *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to relieve pain and only a few days to soften and loosen hard, old corns, so that you can lift them right out—cleanly and painlessly! These soothing, healing pads stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. Flesh color, waterproof. Get a 35¢ box today. Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores. Standard White Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, 25¢ a box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

the street Fred lingered under a palm for her to reappear.

"What's your program now?"

"Go back with you. By plane."

He seized her hand. "Back with me! Sara, you've decided—"

"Yes. I've decided." The look in her face seemed to quell him. He dropped her hand.

"What have you decided? You don't know yourself." Sullenly.

"Maybe not, Fred. Fred, you're such a darling. When do we start home—fly?"

"Today. It's all right by me."

AS though she had left it an hour ago, she went straight to the apartment in Cherry Street. She turned the latch and went in; an atmosphere, breathing from the walls, scared her a little, set her heart pounding.

Everything was in order. Stan had come home, sorry for what he had done, and tidied up for her. He wasn't living here. She had paid the rent in advance, so the apartment was hers. But he had a latchkey. He had come home, thinking of her comfort.

She went to the telephone and called Jen Riley.

"Hello, kitten," said the rich round voice. "I was going to meet you at the airport with the Orphan Asylum Band. But, gee, I've been busier than a flea on a Bengal tiger. How does the flat look? A little less ratty, huh?"

"It's fine, Jen." With a curious turn of the heart. "Did you fix it up?"

"Somebody had to. I sent a couple of scrubsters over."

"It's darling of you, Jen. I wondered who—" A pause; then, "I see Stan's tools are all cleaned out of the kitchen."

"You bet they are. Catch him leaving anything of his behind! He almost wrecked the place getting that fool bench out. That's the man of it. What's yours is his, and what's his is his own. Come on down, dove."

Sara went downtown. When she came into the shop, she bowed almost gaily to waiting customers—old acquaintances, most of them.

In the back, Jen kissed her favorite absent-mindedly, sank in a chair, and said, "Whew! I'm almost dead. I'll have a heart attack one of these days, right in public. Work's killing me. Won't it be fun to open up a shop in New York? Sell to the hicks; that's my motto. Sara, that divorce has done you more good than a gallon of tonic. The sun's given you the mulatto finish the gals are crazy about. You can take it, with that skin."

A lot of Jen Rileyisms.

"My kitten, you've developed salesmanship. Now drop that far-away look and listen. A shop in Madison Avenue. Call it Mme. Jeanne Rylot or Jane or June or something highly perfumed. What's the matter with you at the hellum, seventy-five a week to start with, and commissions? I think we can show New York a trick or two, when we get planted there. How does it sound?"

"It's swell, Jen, and I know you can make it go. You always do. But—"

"But what?" Sharply.

"I don't know but that I'd better stay where I am. Can't I come back here, Jen—for a little while?"

Jen Riley, fat and tired and full of ideas, looked up at her.

"No ambition," she mused. "That means just one thing. You're going to get married again on me. Well, Fred Robley's good pickings, if you want to make your living that way—"

Sara laughed. "I'm not looking for a lot of money. Not now."

"What do you go to all the trouble of getting a divorce for, if it doesn't do you any good? Stan, now. Divorce hasn't turned him into a blazing genius, but he's getting his fun out of it, while it lasts. Maybe Emmie's the kind that makes a bum out of every man she touches, but—"

"I don't want to hear—"

"Emmie, sweet lamb, can pay for her hide-outs and ruin 'em at her leisure. Look what she did to poor Rod Gill. If he'd had a wife instead of an Emmie, he wouldn't be staggering all over the place. They've revoked his driver's license—that's a blessing to the public—"

Jen went back to her customers. Stan's ex-wife held up her heart, held it firmly. Jen tattled and romanced about everything in town. She never got a story straight. She wouldn't listen to Jen any more, that was all.

To Fred Robley she gave many of her evenings. The hours with him drifted silkily. Dancing, drinking, driving in his smooth car were an effortless escape from vacant evenings in the flat.

One night they were dancing at Hennessy's because the Country Club was too slow. Fred, rather more insistent than usual, was guessing at the day and hour when she would quit Jen's for the business of being a lady. A little tight, he was taking everything for granted. What a wedding they'd have! And the places they'd see together! And a suite on the Normandie. This made Sara laugh.

"Let's not make it the Normandie," she said. "Remember what happened to—"

Like a ghost, summoned by her words, Rod Gill stepped up and touched Fred on the arm. Fred's smile was tolerant. Why not let Rod cut in? His face was puffy, but he didn't seem any tighter than usual. Rod seized Sara and swung her away, doing very nicely with his feet.

"How's everything?" she asked.

"Hey-nonny-nonny," giggled Rod. "I'm moving to Turkey. Quantity production's my motto. Get a harem, raise an army—"

"And sober up," said Sara.

"Hey! Why do they all get around to that when they talk to me? What do you do when you're sober?"

"Try it and tell me."

"Getting sober is not the chief end of man. What is it, then? Speed. I got a little bus that makes ninety, and the clock don't lie. I lost my license, see? But I know a usurer who'll lend me that car, with a wreckage guaranty, at a hundred dollars a day. Cheap. Hell in a hurry—that's my motto!"

"You've said it," agreed Sara.

"You know how it is," he resumed after a while. "You and I know. We marry people that are yaller. Yaller as a pup. We'd come out of our tail spin, wouldn't we, if they'd stick it out? But no. The yaller ones quit us, club up together, get cozy. We are four of a kind. That beats a full house."

"And Emmie?"

"Do I care? Gawd, Sara, it's awful that I *do* care. Vodka can't blow her out of my head. Yaller, the whole lot of us. That's the trouble. We can't take it."

She looked up into his puffy, desperate face.

"You'll straighten out, Rod," she said, "and find somebody."

"Sure I will. A chambermaid next time." Suddenly he dropped her arm, let her go. "Well, good luck to you and Fred," he said.

And left her in the middle of the floor.

FRED rescued her, and she didn't want to dance any more. What Rod had said about "yallerness" and Stan and Emmie had struck home more accurately than anything she had heard.

"He ought to be locked up," said Fred casually.

"He ought to be happy." Tears came to her eyes.

"Who are the happy ones?" he asked, looking straight at her as he reached into his pocket, opened his wallet, and brought out a slip of paper. "The people who take things as they find them and make the most of it."

The scrap of paper, held between his fingers, dangled under her nose. "Just look it over."

It was torn from a column headed Pleasures and Palaces and the date line was from Lake Merrymount. Her eyes skated over a blue-penciled paragraph: "And the gay doings at Sally Percival's prolonged week end. . . . Mesdames . . . Rodney Gill . . . Messrs. . . . Stanley R. Freeman . . ." The names stood out on the stripes of blue.

Can Sara's noble resolution to let Stan have his fling until he finds out the worth of her love stand this constant fire? She is playing a losing game with her desperate weapons. How can she win? The next and last installment in Liberty gives you a brilliant climax.

$1,500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

LIBERTY'S PATRIOTIC GAME OF PRESIDENTS

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
20 PRIZES, Each $10	200
90 PRIZES, Each $5	450

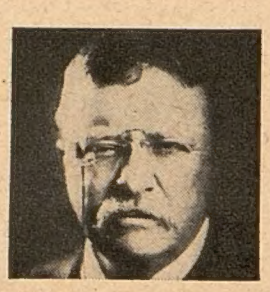
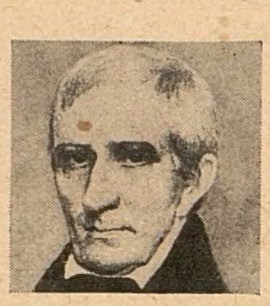
WHY NOT WIN BIG MONEY? START RIGHT NOW!

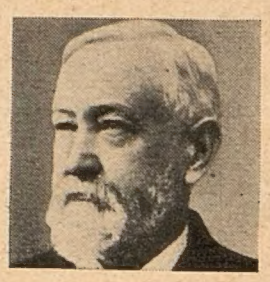
THIS is the second week of the Patriotic Game of Presidents. Your chance to win a substantial prize in this game is excellent, provided you complete and send in an entry. If you started last week you will need no further instruction. If you failed to get off with the field, you still have an excellent chance to win. Begin by reading the rules carefully. Then study the verses on the coupon. Perhaps your history lessons are so clear in your memory that you'll remember which President each verse identifies without reference to a textbook. If some of the clues escape you, any ordinary history will give you the necessary information almost at a glance. Fill out the coupon as instructed and hold it until your set of eight coupons is complete.

LATE ENTRY

If you do not have Coupon No. 1 and its accompanying pictures available, you can obtain a reprint of this material by writing to the contest address in Rule 5 and enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. This nominal charge is made necessary by the large number of late-entry requests by entrants in Liberty contests.

THE PRESIDENTS WHO ARE DESCRIBED THIS WEEK ARE IN THIS GROUP. DURING THE COURSE OF THE CONTEST THE PICTURE OF EVERY PRESIDENT WILL BE PUBLISHED. SAVE THOSE YOU DO NOT USE EACH WEEK, AS YOU WILL NEED THEM IN THE FUTURE



THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish a coupon containing verses relating to the Presidents of the United States, together with groups of pictures of the Chief Executives.

2. To compete, identify the President referred to in each verse; clip the portrait that applies and paste it in the space at the left of the verse. Then write the President's name on the line provided.

3. Save all coupons until your set of eight is complete, then submit them as a unit, at the end of the contest, together with a statement of not more than 150 words explaining "What the Constitution of the United States means to me."

4. The entry with the greatest number of correctly completed identifications, accompanied by the best statement, judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness, will be awarded first prize. In the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive the prizes listed in the prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Address all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF PRESIDENTS, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 27, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

7. No entries will be returned. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best. Avoid elaborate presentations. By entering you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final.

CLIP HERE

CLIP HERE

GAME OF PRESIDENTS

COUPON NO. 2

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

His name had been given the Presidents' Roll
Ere he was the winner of similar goal.
He served in the ranks of the blue against gray
And came into power with pomp and display.

. . . . . .
(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

In peace as in war he attained to great height
By keeping himself in the fore of the fight.
A bullet that found him ne'er stayed him in speech;
Until he had finished none knew what it reached.

. . . . . .
(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

A chance in the game that the Presidents play
Brought him to the White House with license to stay.
As canny a man as its portals had known,
He made it quite clear he'd not make it his home.

. . . . . .
(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

He harried the Prophet in Indian way
And won for the settlers in bloody affray.
A victor in battle, a leader in peace,
He cleared a vast country that states might increase.

. . . . . .
(Write name of President here)

Copyright, Howard W. Bible, 1936

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

LUMBERTON, N. C.—Andrew Bethea protested vehemently he had not stolen the Rev. R. N. Cashwell's chickens, even if it was true chickens had been found stewing in a pot at a friend's house.

Just to make his denial more emphatic, Bethea pulled his hand from his pocket and waved it before him.

That was a mistake—there were feathers clinging to his fingers.

He was sentenced to four months in jail.

SAGINAW, MICH.—John Martyn, ninety-five years old, was among forty-five persons granted citizenship, becoming the oldest person ever to be naturalized in Saginaw County. His first words after being admitted to citizenship were, "When do I get my check?"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Local police offered a couple of nominees for the stubborn-behavior championship.

At 8 A. M. two motorists arrived simultaneously before a parking space big enough to hold only one car. They glared at each other, turned off their engines, and refused to budge.

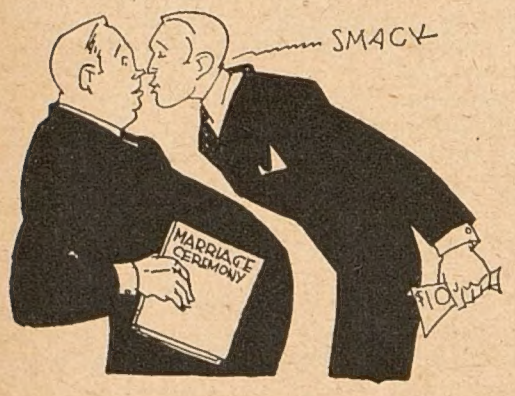
At noon they were still at their steering wheels. Then a policeman came along and ordered:

"Stop this foolishness."

Both drivers drove off sheepishly amid the laughter of spectators.

FORT SMITH, ARK.—A religious choral society entertained the inmates of the county jail. As the visitors departed with voices raised in song, Richard W. Halley, accused bank robber, joined the procession. A gifted tenor, he caroled his way past Jim Harwell, the jailer, to freedom.

HUNTINGTON BEACH, CALIF.—Judge C. T. Pann was out a $10 marriage fee, and had instead a kiss from a flustered bridegroom. After the ceremony the bridegroom gave the judge a hasty kiss, handed the bride the fee, and before Judge Pann could point out the mistake, hurriedly left.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The following is said to have been seen outside the office of the county clerk, Jamestown, N. Y.: Notice: The county clerk does not issue marriage licenses. You must go down to the town clerk, Mr. Zenns, our barber. Go out of the courthouse, turn left to the next block until you come to the barber sign. Go upstairs, turn right and

May the Lord Forgive You for You Know Not What You Do!

—The Docket.

CONTENTS

Editorial The United States—A Sleek, Fat Lamb — Bernarr Macfadden 4

Short Stories Master Villon Contemplates the Life of the Home — John Erskine 16

Fearless Example—Liberty's Short Short — Kenneth Brown Collings 22

In the Presence of the Enemy — Larry O'Conner 30

Serials Beginning—

Murderers Welcome — Philip Wylie 6

The Loves of John Barrymore—Part II — Frederick L. Collins 24

Wife Trouble—Part VI — Wallace Irwin 52

Articles Baltimore Girl Who Won Friendship of King Edward VIII — Frederick Lewis 13

All High-School Chillun Got Wings — Swanee Taylor 23

Is Diet the Way? — Edward Doherty 29

Why My Wife and I Are Unhappy — Papa Dionne 38

God Comes to Hollywood — Weston Lake 41

It's Your Air — Borden Chase 44

Startling Football to Come — Jim Crowley, "Slip" Madigan, Ray Morrison, and Harry Stuhldreher 48

Features Good Books by Oliver Swift 34; Nautical But Not Naughty—Movies—by Beverly Hills 35; Twenty Questions, 37; To the Ladies! by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 40; Crossword Puzzle, 43; August 8 Amateur Page Prize Winners, 46; Vox Pop, 46; $1,500 Presidents Contest, 57; It Happened In—, 58.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY SCOTT EVANS

A TELEPHONE CALL FROM A DEAD WOMAN

There was something strange about the death of Thelma Todd.

Was it an accident?

Did she commit suicide?

Or was it murder?

No matter how these questions are answered, the facts remain—unexplained.

One woman says that Thelma called her on the telephone at four o'clock Sunday afternoon.

Yet she is officially reported to have ended her life in the dark and early hours of that same Sunday morning.

Six other persons declared that they saw the "dead woman" alive on Sunday.

"I'm not blaming the California authorities," says Anthony Abbot, the detective-story writer, in commenting on this latest story by Headquarters Old-Timer, which will appear in Liberty next week. "I'm not blaming them, but

WE COULD NEVER GET AWAY WITH THAT IN NEW YORK!"

The Headquarters Old-Timer's startling disclosure of the amazing discrepancies in the Thelma Todd case comes to you next Wednesday in Liberty, together with

POPE PIUS GIVES A RECIPE FOR WORLD PEACE

"The chasm between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots' must be bridged," declares the Peace Pontiff, speaking of nations. And of individuals he says: "If there is to be partiality in any direction as among the essentials of industry, let it go neither to capital nor to management, but to labor."

HELL IN SPAIN AS I SAW IT by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

A vivid and uncensored account of the horrors of the revolution from a correspondent in the midst of it!

Also stories and articles by Achmed Abdullah, Philip Wylie, Norman Anthony, Mama Dionne, Mildred Doherty, and others

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE SEPT. 23

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

First FOR THEIR TINY BABY BATHS

....ONLY *Olive Oil*

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE

Five little Dionnes after their Palmolive bath . . . pink as tiny rosebuds, their skin satin-smooth, glowingly fresh

Now the lovely Dionne Quintuplets use only PALMOLIVE

the soap made with Gentle Olive Oil

All reproductions copyrighted 1936, NEA Service, Inc.

FIVE pairs of chubby little arms and legs, splashing and churning the water! Five baby voices lifted in joyous laughter!

How the Quins love their bath with gentle Palmolive Soap!

To the babies that bath is just fun. To the specialists in charge it is a very important matter. And especially important has been the choice of a soap gentle enough for the tender skin of these famous little girls.

WHY PALMOLIVE WAS CHOSEN!

Because the Quins were born prematurely, their skin is unusually sensitive. So delicate that it has always required very special care.

Dr. Dafoe himself explains: "*At the time of the birth of the Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies.*"

Think of it! Of all the oils known to science, only Olive Oil was gentle enough for the Quins first baths. And then, out of all the soaps available, only Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, was chosen for the Quins!

WHAT A LESSON FOR EVERY MOTHER . . . FOR EVERY WOMAN

Mother! Should that precious baby of yours be bathed with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the little Dionnes? Why not decide right now that only Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, will ever touch *your* baby's tender skin!

And you too, Lovely Lady . . . you who want to keep your complexion soft, smooth, alluring through the years! Why not give *your* skin the matchless beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of precious Olive and Palm Oils can give? Why not begin today to use Palmolive Soap exclusively, for your own face and bath!

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN LOVELY THROUGH THE YEARS

Tall Oaks from little Acorns grow

first they Satisfied one
—now they Satisfy millions

Made by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY—*and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product*